VOL. CCX, No. 2746

Fit "TripleX" Reg'd - and be safe

THE SPHERE, SEPTEMBER 27, 1952
With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE" 2/-

The SPHERE

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Bulmer's POMAGNE CHAMPAGNE Cider

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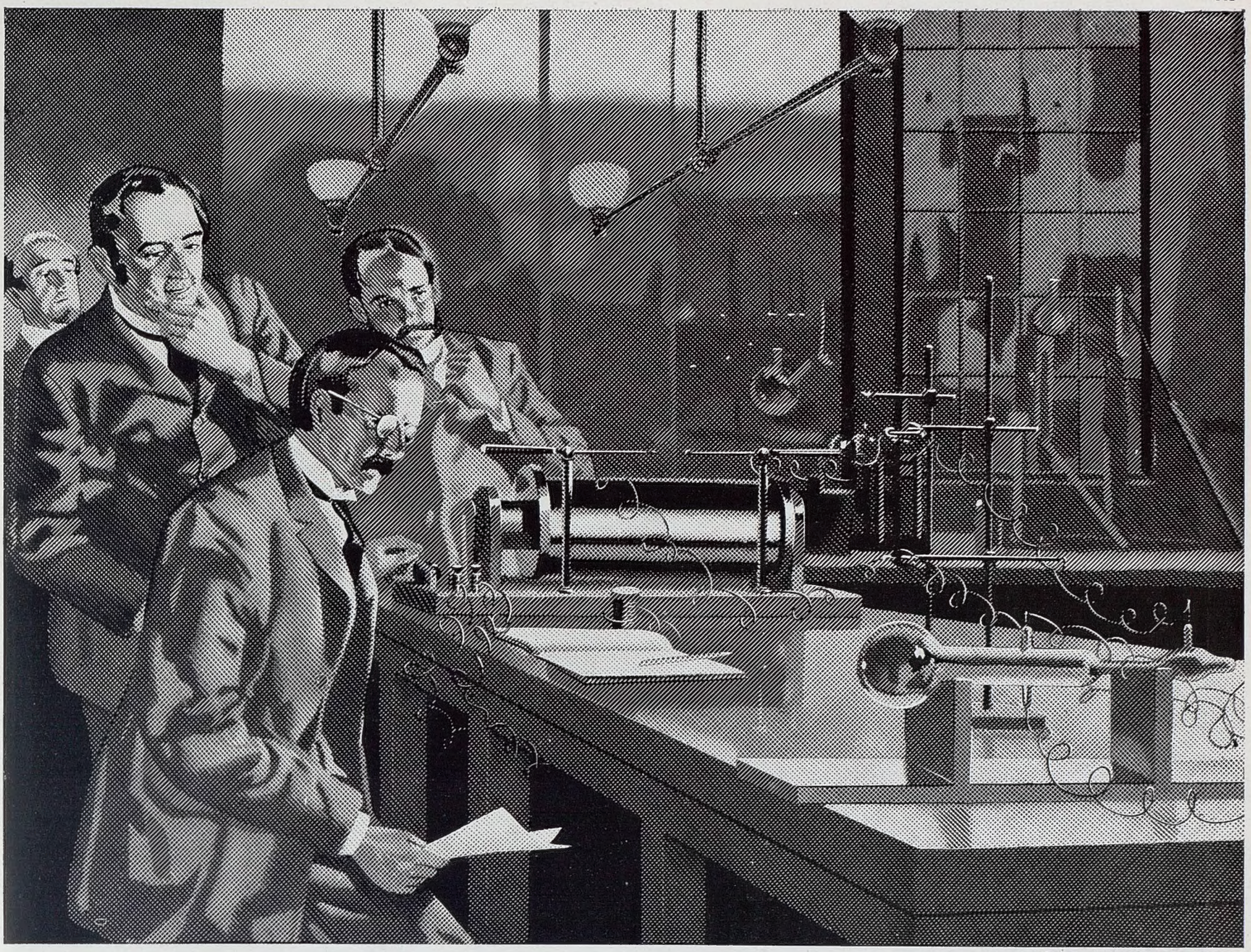
You need a Guinness with your meal?

Copies of this advertisement may be obtained from Arthur Guinness, Son & Co. Ltd., Park Royal, London, N.W.10

G.E.1830 B



Scene reconstructed by Roy Carnon

WHEN IT FIRST OPENED ITS DOORS, in 1894, to post-graduate students from other universities, the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge granted them a greater privilege than anyone suspected. Only three years later their brilliant leader, Professor J. J. Thomson, announced that his experiments with cathode rays had revealed "... matter in a new state ... in which the subdivision of matter is carried very much further than in the ordinary gaseous state..." With this discovery of the electron, as it is now known, came the dawn of the atomic age — an age which has already transformed science and industry — giving us such wonders as television and the electron microscope — and has provided a vast new source of power. How rich were the closing years of the nineteenth century in great names and great beginnings!

It was also in 1894 that Albert E. Reed took over an almost derelict straw paper mill to make super-calendered newsprint and other printing papers. Acquiring and revitalising other paper mills with remarkable energy and foresight, he founded one of the world's largest paper-making organisations. And at the five mills of the Reed Paper Group — where giant modern machines produce every day hundreds of tons of newsprint, kraft, tissues and other papers — his pioneering spirit is kept alive in ceaseless technological research

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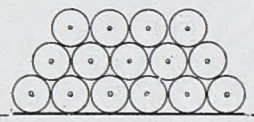
Employs over 6,500 workers

Uses some 300,000 tons of coal a year

Operates 26 paper-making machines



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Pioneers in modern paper technology

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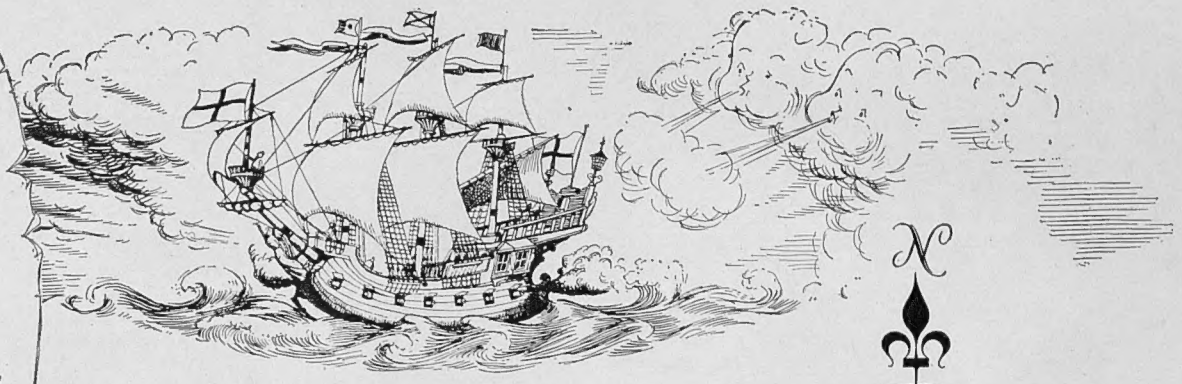
Where lies the Land
to which yon Ship must go?
Fresh as a lark
mounting at break of day,
Festively she
puts forth in trim array;
Is she for tropic suns,
or polar snow?



What boots the enquiry?
-Neither friend nor foe
She cares for; let her
travel where she may
She finds
familiar names, a beaten
way
Ever before her,
and a wind to blow.

William Wordsworth, 1807

Over the years, the House of State Express has had the privilege of supplying the worlds most famous shipping lines.

STATE EXPRESS 555

THE BEST CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD

Volume CCX No. 2746 The SPHERE, London, September 27, 1952

The SPHERE
with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE HELICOPTER AS A MEANS OF FLEET LIAISON—AN AIRCRAFT FROM H.M.S. "TRIUMPH" ARRIVING ON THE FLIGHT-DECK OF H.M.S. "ILLUSTRIOUS," DURING A SHIP-TO-SHIP VISIT, WITH CONFIDENTIAL INFORMATION IN THE COURSE OF EXERCISE "MAINBRACE": This picture was taken somewhere off the Scandinavian coast in the later stages of the exercise in which 160 ships of the North Atlantic Treaty Nations took part. A report of this important exercise in international co-operation, sent by wireless by Geoffrey Willans from H.M.S. *Eagle*, appears on pages 468 and 469 of this issue.

Last Sunday, the eight-Power N.A.T.O. manœuvres in Scandinavian waters reached their climax when the attacking fleet steamed towards Danish territorial waters preparatory to a landing at Torupstrand, on the north-west coast of Jutland, by a reinforced battalion of United States Marines despatched from Britain. The purpose of this phase of the exercise was to demonstrate how quickly help could be brought to Scandinavia in the event of war. The same could also be said of the naval air strike launched at Bodo, Northern Norway, four days previously. In general, however, Exercise "Mainbrace" has really been an exercise in inter-Allied co-operation at sea, just as Exercise "Holdfast," which has been taking place in Westphalia, is the land counterpart of "Mainbrace," providing an opportunity for co-operation between the British Army of the Rhine, a Belgian and a Dutch Corps, a Canadian Brigade, and Norwegian and Danish contingents.

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

MOVING DAY FOR SIMPKIN MARSHALL

THE WORLD'S LARGEST COMMERCIAL LIBRARY IS MOVED TO NEW PREMISES : Men are seen packing the books at the old temporary depot in Rossmore Road, London, N.W.1, prior to the move to the new premises at No. 242, Marylebone Road, N.W. The move had to be planned in great detail, for every book had to go into the place allotted to it so that it can be found quickly and easily when required. The house of Simpkin's (wholesale booksellers and exporters) is the clearing house for British books for this country and all over the world. To meet day-to-day demands swiftly a stock of over 125,000 titles is carried, which, with reserve copies, means that they have in hand at any one time about 4,000,000 books. When the publisher's warehouses were burnt out on December 29, 1940, millions of books and catalogues of practically every book published in this country, which they had been keeping since 1814, were destroyed.

PACKAGES OF BOOKS ARRIVING AT SIMPKIN'S NEW PREMISES : The total area of the new premises is about 112,000 sq. ft., About six miles of shelves were erected to house the books.

LORD FREYBERG RETURNS TO BRITAIN

NEW ZEALAND'S RETIRING GOVERNOR-GENERAL IS GREETED BY THE HIGH COMMISSIONER TO THE UNITED KINGDOM : Lord Freyberg (left) seen with Mr. Doidge on board the *Rangitane* at the Royal Albert Dock following his Lordship's return from New Zealand in company with Lady Freyberg. Lord Freyberg's successor as Governor-General of New Zealand. is Sir Willoughby Norrie, the former Governor of South Australia.

"WITH BEST WISHES"

IT is by no means too early to think of Christmas presents—especially for friends overseas. Those in search of a present likely to be appreciated will find that a year's subscription to THE SPHERE provides an ideal gift.

Each week as the new copy arrives, the recipient will be reminded afresh of the kind thought and good wishes of his or her friend at home in Britain. Orders for subscriptions for THE SPHERE to be sent overseas can be handed to any good-class newsagent or bookstall, or sent direct to The Subscription Department, THE SPHERE, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2, and include the name and address of the person to whom the copies are to be sent, and the price of the subscription. Canada, £5 14s. Elsewhere abroad, £5 18s. 6d. (to include the Christmas Number).

In 1953—Coronation Year—all postal subscribers will receive the two Coronation Double Numbers at no extra cost.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Ordered South.—I am returning home to the smug routine of Southern England, the allotted hours of work in my small room lined with books and up-to-date books of reference, wherein writing is made easier and perhaps a little better worth reading. And (dare I confess it ?) for once I crossed the barrier of the Grampians with a little less regret than usual. For this autumn the Highlands have shown me an uglier look than I ever remember to have seen on that rugged face. Everlasting wind from the cold north, mizzling rain, and all too little of that sunshine which can in normal Septembers up there afford the serenity of mind and bodily comfort which are given by a sunny October day in Sussex. In a month I have never felt warm, never ceased to beat my clammy shoes on the ground or floor, and, in consequence, I waved a sardonic good-bye to the Sow of Atholl—that ugly old witch—as I slid down to Blair with the last of the caravanners. Ordered South ? There are compensations in the return to one's cell. It is a little one and fairly easy to warm. And (who knows ?) when at last my small car turns down my precipitous but sheltered drive, I may find myself in a southern heat-wave, with the peaches warm and ripe on the wall and the dahlias and Michaelmas daisies still gay in the borders. And on Saturdays still ahead it may yet be pleasant to lunch in a stubble-field in shirt-sleeves and sunshine, with or without a bag of partridges. These possibilities kept my spirits up as I flogged down the Great North Road across the lonely moors, the flat plains and the unkind Midlands behind the speeding lorries, which are not to be overtaken at a mere 50 m.p.h.

The Nature of the Beast.—Among new educational pamphlets issued by the Labour Party is one by Mr. P. Shore, called *The Real Nature of Conservatism*. It is always wise to know your enemy. Mr. Shore's researches do not carry good Socialists very far along that road. He is like a boy at the Zoo, poking a wild beast to see how it will react behind the bars. He finds Conservative policy undogmatic and opportunist based on a belief in authority and inequality and privilege ; and consequently Conservatism is quite certainly a minority creed. That being so, why in an era of triumphant Socialism and a new Democracy, *why* do the voters still return Conservatives to power ? Why does a minority creed secure a majority vote ? Well, the new Democracy does not yet fully respond to "new techniques in mass-propaganda." The sheep, or some of them, still refuse to leap where the leader leaps. There still survive a few "irrational impulses," despite Labour's efforts to reshape "political attitudes." In short, even among the faithful, the dependable majority, there persists an aversion to change, and even a doubt whether social equality may not result in loss of status instead of in levelling-up. The damnable heresy persists that "when everybody's somebody, then no one's anybody." Mr. Shore is clearly puzzled by *cet animal* and its still healthy appearance. He declares that "more than any other party" it is the "prisoner of Democracy," a verbal obscurity which reveals the obscurity in his mind. He predicts that in the near future the "verbal difference" between Socialism and Toryism will grow even smaller, and then he seeks to prove as a tail-piece that the new Conservatism shares all the false beliefs of the old. Mr. Morgan Phillips praises the pamphleteer for his fairmindedness and objectivity. But I am not sure that he has much elucidated the nature of the beast.

A Year Ago.—It was a year ago to-day, September 19, that Mr. Attlee announced a General Election for October 25. Two days later we heard of the late King's coming operation which took place on September 23. In the same week I received my author's copies of a book I had written during the past year. Those matters of historic and trivial importance are in one respect only of equal importance. Each hits me in the face in recalling to me the deceitfulness of Time, as we grow older. Each one of these events seems to me to have occurred in a far remoter past. All of them happened "a matter of months ago" only. The Conservative Government is not yet a year old—incredibly ! King George VI, who was to recover so hopefully from his operation, is a figure in English history, a great name in the roll of dead Sovereigns of his dynasty, and my own trivial little book is, as far as I am concerned, totally forgotten, a title on a bookshelf which I am not likely to take down, one with 10,000 other books published no earlier. All these things lie in a past which is counted in months, and yet, to me, the second Elizabethan era is an old-established fact, the Conservatives have been in office since Time ran, and my latest little book is buried in the memories of my dim earlier years. I ask myself whether this deceitfulness of Time is an experience peculiar to me, or whether there be scores of readers of this "Newsletter" to whom the two important of the three facts cited seem to belong to past history and not to current events. Has Time knocked others besides myself down with a feather ? If it is so, there is nothing here for tears. The Elizabethan age is in swaddling clothes. What may not this fine baby yet achieve ? The Conservative Government which set out to save us from total bankruptcy has in a few months of "experiment, improvisation and opportunism" stopped the rot and gone near to adjusting our trade balance. Four years hence (and why not ?) it may be what it seems to be now—an old and hoary administration. It has achieved much in a few months. It may do a lot more in a few years.

Lady Into Bart.—I like to treat this "Newsletter" as in the nature of a diary. That is to say, I like to record, however late in the day, some note on any startling, interesting or important event. It is impossible not to regard the astonishingly bald and bold announcement first made to the Aberdeen Press by Dr. Elizabeth Forbes-Sempill that she had re-registered her birth as a male and wished henceforth to be known as Dr. Ewen Forbes-Sempill. Dr. Sempill is over forty and well known as a lady doctor and a patroness of Highland dancing. I realise that her simple statement of change of sex—which puts her in remainder to a baronetcy in her family—is her own affair (and her family's), and I intensely dislike *intrusion* into private affairs. On the other hand, we are vaguely aware that there are more things in Heaven and Harley Street than are dreamed of in our philosophy, and any and every proof of some rare or new marvel in human nature or in science is both reasonably and avidly a matter of public interest. I saw no Sunday papers at the week-end after the announcement. I don't know what theories were ventilated. I only know that Dr. Ewen, in a second statement equally bald and uncommunicative, allotted praise and blame to various editors who had "noticed" her statement, and I could wish that for the good of humanity she had been more generous of explanation and details. For this may be a matter of concern for us all, but especially for noblemen and other inheritors of ancient titles and estates who may have elder sisters still alive. Indeed, I could imagine a new and popular form of insurance habitually taken out by such noblemen and their eldest sons to cover their own disinheritance in the event of that elder sister and old aunt changing her sex late in life. How many a family applecart might one day be upset, if the fashion catches on.

A Hair of the Dog.—For some time past in Sheffield (I read) the Public Library authorities have been concerned with the decline in reading among their presumed patrons. "We have the books—

A HEAD FOR THE "MONSTER OF WHITEHALL"

THE MASSIVE HEAD OF THE FIGURE DEPICTING "EARTH" IS HAULED INTO POSITION ON THE NEW GOVERNMENT BUILDING IN WHITEHALL GARDENS : Mr. Charles Wheeler, R.A. (left), the sculptor responsible for the figure, supervises the hauling operation at the vast new building. The figure and another depicting "Water" have been carved in six separate blocks of Portland stone. This was made necessary because of their size and the fact that they are to be mounted on 40-ft.-high stone pediments. Mr. Wheeler is being paid £12,000 for the two figures, and has been commissioned to carve another pair depicting "Air" and "Fire," for the same terms, on the other side of the new building. Mr. Wheeler began work on the first two figures in 1948.

you want them." But the public answered Nay. Not even the Whodunits—specially selected—have lately attracted enquiry or custom. *Decent* novels gather dust on the shelves, while biography and history are homes for spiders and book-worms. The librarians felt no doubt that the cinema is the villain of their piece. Who wants the trouble of reading in print about the fights and escapes of Girt Jan Ridd or David Balfour, or of the villainy of Long John Silver, when they can be very easily heard and seen in Technicolor, with many clever improvements and a pulsing love-interest added, if forgotten in the original. How to beat this villain? Sheffield's librarian looked up the nursery proverbs and maxims: "Set a thief to catch a thief," "A hair of the dog which bit him." This pair seemed to offer a suggestion, and soon Sheffield's librarians were at work organising film shows of famous novels designed to attract readers of the libraries, to read at leisure and at length the "originals" of their favourite films. And each title the film fans take out must open new country to them. The original and the film version, what worlds apart they are. Often I fear the return to the library will be followed by a smash return to the cinema, where life is lived more fully and colourfully. But I like the idea of recreations old and new taking in each other's washing. When my old car breaks down in some lonely spot, I have sometimes sighed for the age of the horse. The crooners for whom British youth swoons, convince me again of the charm of Tom Moore's warbled ballads, and I return to Jane Austen with relief after a taste of America's jungle pornography.

The Proms.—I pay my little debt of gratitude to the "Proms," that delightful compensation for the waning of summer, that hint of winter evenings beside the fire. And especially to the Friday nights with Beethoven. But for the B.B.C., I doubt if I should even now distinguish between the Leonora overtures or be able to marshal my reasons for putting first and second the Fifth and Eighth Symphonies. The B.B.C. put Beethoven and other supreme masters on the map for me, and without its help I doubt if I should have ever gone out to find them. I am not one of the Sanger Circus. There is so much that has to be done and seen in London that for one who has not music in his blood, the concert hall and the opera house cannot be priorities. Concert music, like opera, depends for its perfection of enjoyment on the eye as well as on the ear. To watch the bows rising and falling together at the command of the baton is an essential part of the rhythm of great music, just as the scene, the setting and the acting are essential to some noble aria or chorus. And but for the B.B.C. and the Proms I dare say I should have ended my life as a man of missed opportunities who had but once seen *Fidelio*, and remembered to have heard the Fifth Symphony at Queen's Hall years ago. But Beethoven and others have been brought to our firesides, and we shall all die less barbarous and ignorant than we well might have done.

"Happier Without It."—Our Primate's parting message to the U.S. Pressmen was a condemnation of television. The world, he thought, was happier without it. It was all very well as a show once every few months. (But Mrs. Fisher enjoyed it non-stop.) I suppose about half the letters to the Press of the world are devoted to condemning new inventions and fashions. For the middle-aged and old, it is a necessity or recreation to do so. It follows that "writing to the Editor" is largely a futility and middle-age a waste of breath. For condemnation of new things cuts no ice, puts on no brake and earns from science and youth nothing but scorn. The machine of evolution grinds on despite all spanners thrown in, the wheels go round and forever pass and spurn the milestones. But that does not mean that the middle-aged are wrong in their judgment or philosophy. They are often right. They are more often right than wrong, save only in their absurd belief in the power of words or opinion to arrest progress. The history of the last fifty years confirms their rightness in a score of jeremiads. Internal combustion led to flying, and flying required the impetus which led on to every form of conquest of the air in communication, direction and speed of transportation. And if all the genius expended on these marvels had been canalised into improving the nation's health and food supply and industrial output, where should we stand to-day among the powers in civilisation, still a creditor nation, still an inviolable sanctuary. There are more old folk among the population than ever before. Science at least has seen to that. The voice of youth is perhaps a minority voice, but it is clamorous and not to be silenced. Happier then than now? Happier when one's horizon was the county boundary, happier before the cinema afforded constant romance? The Archbishop deplores this urge to get there and see things right away. He thinks that twenty-four hours later would do quite as well. But youth demands to be in at the death . . . and is. It is the death (the Primate says) of the only secure happiness, happiness from within.

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE FIGHT FOR SHERWOOD FOREST

By John May

With Drawings by Jack Merriott

QUEEN MARY RETURNS TO LONDON AFTER HER NORFOLK HOLIDAY

HER MAJESTY DRIVING TO MARLBOROUGH HOUSE FROM LIVERPOOL STREET STATION FOLLOWING HER ARRIVAL FROM SANDRINGHAM: Present at the station to greet Queen Mary was Sir Michael Barrington-Ward, representing the Railway Executive. Queen Mary went to Norfolk at the end of July and during her stay often drove through Sandringham acknowledging the greetings of holiday-makers who were visiting the grounds. During August her Majesty ran a fancy goods stall at Sandringham Parish fete and spent ninety minutes serving the customers.

THE DAHLIA SOCIETY'S RECORD SHOW AT WESTMINSTER

A GENERAL VIEW OF THE NATIONAL DAHLIA SOCIETY'S ANNUAL EXHIBITION IN THE HALLS OF THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY, VINCENT SQUARE, S.W.: This year's show was the largest in the Society's history and both halls were needed for the competitive exhibits, numbering over 1,600, and the many massive trade groups. The amateur championship was again won by Mr. G. F. Drayson, of Buckhurst Hill, Essex, with his collection of large decorative blooms; it was Mr. Drayson's fourth consecutive victory. The challenge cup for the best trade exhibit was awarded to Stuart Ogg, of Swanley. Mauve and lilac shades were more prominent than usual this year.

EXERCISE "HOLDFAST"

The Land and Air Counterpart of the Naval Exercise "Mainbrace"

OLE BJORN KRAFT, THE DANISH FOREIGN MINISTER, WHO WAS ONE OF THE N.A.T.O. DEFENCE COUNCIL VISITORS TO EXERCISE "HOLDFAST": He is being helped down from a Centurion tank operating in the Weser Mountains.

UNITS OF THE DUTCH 1ST JAGER REGIMENT AWAITING ORDERS IN A SMALL GERMAN TOWN DURING EXERCISE "HOLDFAST": This was the land and air counterpart of the big naval Exercise "Mainbrace," pictures of which appear on pages 468-69 of this issue. Nearly 200,000 British, Belgian, Canadian and Dutch troops, with many hundreds of tanks and aircraft, were concerned in the exercise, the largest of its kind since the end of the war. The object was to practise co-operation between land and air forces, especially liaison between the various national elements, and to exercise the troops under conditions of air inferiority. A strip of territory between the Rhine and the Weser in the British Zone was chosen for the exercise.

MEMBERS OF THE N.A.T.O. DEFENCE COUNCIL WATCHING OPERATIONS DURING EXERCISE "HOLDFAST": In the centre, wearing a light raincoat, is Lester Pearson, the Canadian Foreign Minister. Beside him, wearing a trilby, is Ole Bjorn Kraft, the Danish Foreign Minister. On the extreme right is Major-General H. R. B. Foote, V.C., Commander of the 11th Armoured Division, who is seen explaining the operations.

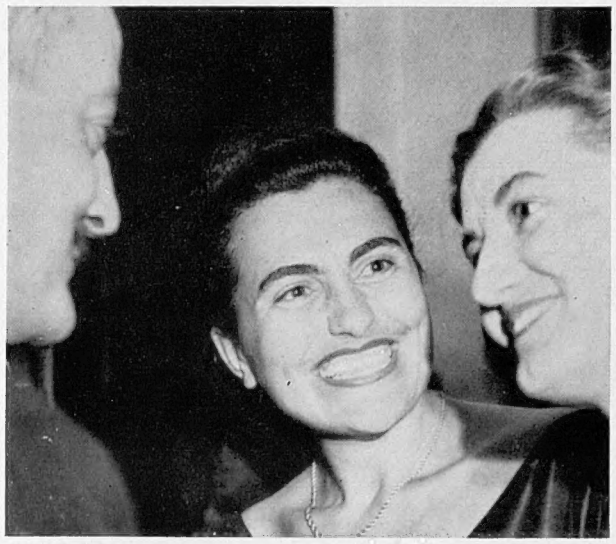
BRITISH TROOPS WITH BAYONETS FIXED ADVANCING THROUGH A SMOKESCREEN: They belonged to "C" Company of the 1st Battalion The King's Royal Rifle Corps, advancing during Exercise "Holdfast" on a ridge facing the Bad Driburg escarpment in the British Zone. The exercise was a severe but successful test of the staff, troops and air forces which have so diligently been built up by the Western allies during the past twelve months.

TWO BRITISH SAPPERS MANNING A SLIT TRENCH DURING EXERCISE "HOLDFAST": They were covering the retirement of the "Blue" forces which were falling back in the face of an offensive by "Greenland."

BELGIAN INFANTRY ATTACKING THROUGH THE GROUNDS OF A FARM NEAR HEMBSEN, IN THE WESER MOUNTAIN COUNTRY: At a later stage in Exercise "Holdfast" 384 officers and men of a composite battalion from the 46th Parachute Brigade, T.A., dropped into the area to carry out a night attack, which earned high praise from military observers.

MR. EDEN MEETS THE NEW MADAME TITO

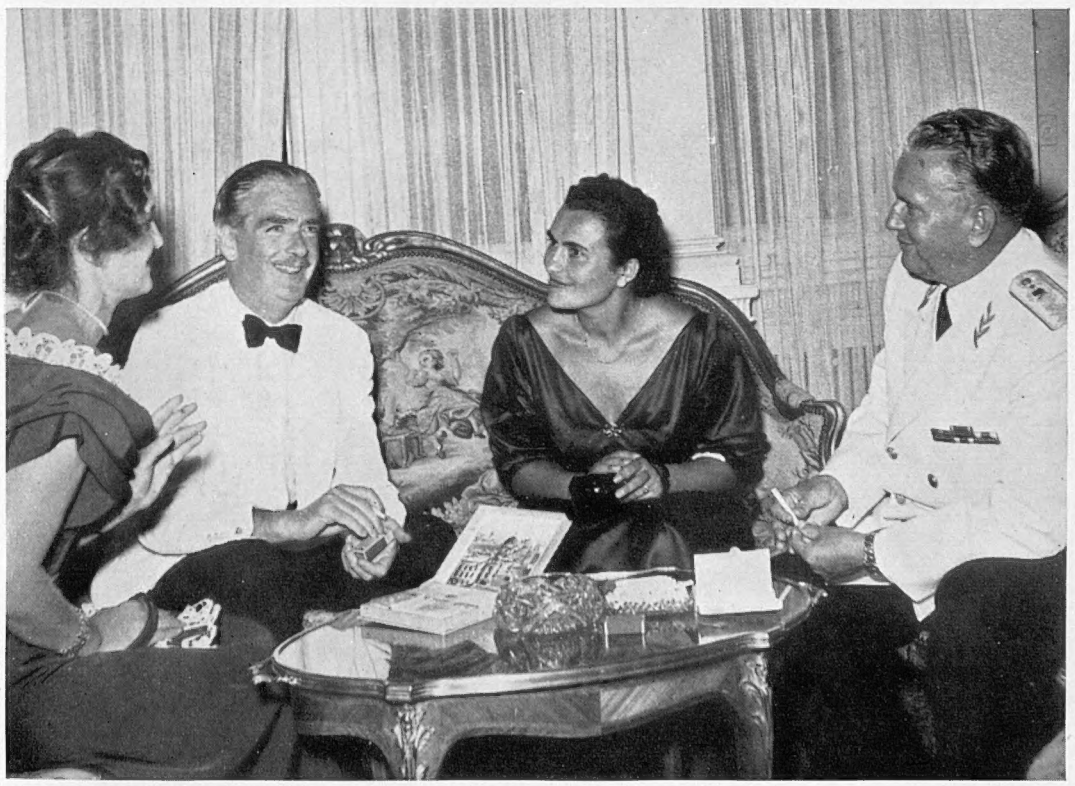
THE VISIT OF THE BRITISH FOREIGN SECRETARY IS PRECEDED BY THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE YUGOSLAV DICTATOR'S MARRIAGE

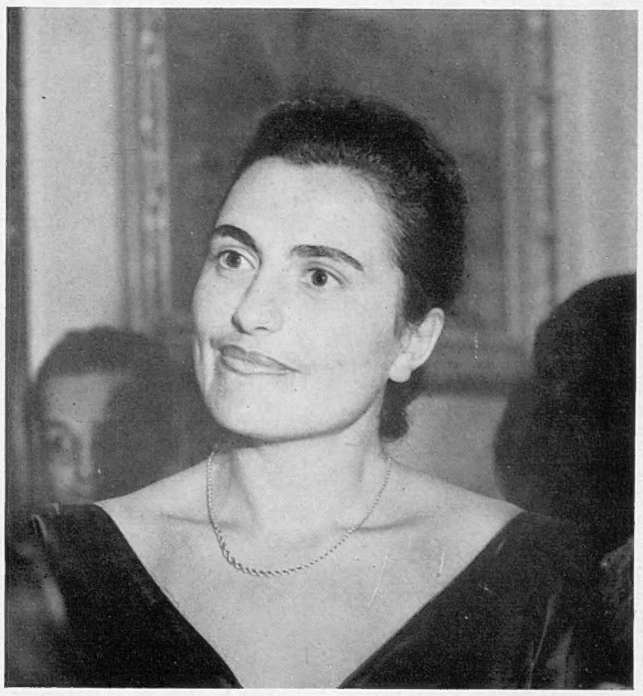


MADAME JOVANKA BROZ, THE THIRD WIFE OF MARSHAL JOSEP BROZ TITO, THE YUGOSLAVIAN LEADER : Her marriage to the Marshal took place three months ago, but it was not announced until the eve of Mr. Anthony Eden's visit to Belgrade, thus enabling Madame Tito to take part in the reception of the British Foreign Secretary at the White Palace.

MR. ANTHONY EDEN INSPECTS A GUARD OF HONOUR ON ARRIVAL AT BELGRADE : The British Foreign Secretary at Batajnica Military Airport at the start of his goodwill visit to the Yugoslav capital. Mr. Eden is the highest-ranking Western Diplomat to visit Belgrade since the close of the Second World War.

MARSHAL JOSEP BROZ TITO AND HIS WIFE, MADAME JOVANKA BROZ : "Madame Tito" is a tall, very dark and handsome Yugoslav Army major, a student, and former Partisan fighter. She met the Marshal earlier this year while serving in his secretariat. Madame Tito's maiden name was Budisavljevic. She lost both her parents and several others of her family during the massacres by the Nazi puppet Ustashi organisation. At the age of seventeen she joined the Tito-led Partisan action against the Germans and fought with the Partisans throughout the war, rising to the rank of lieutenant. Following the end of the war she remained in the Army and was promoted to her present rank of major. Persons who have seen her describe her as "about the same height as Marshal Tito, with dark hair and eyes and a naturally bronze complexion." "She is vivacious and very good-looking," they say. Marshal Tito has two sons by his former marriages, one thirty-two years old and the other twelve. Both live in Belgrade. Marshal Tito, when twenty-seven, first married a seventeen-year-old Russian girl, Polagia Belousova. She gave birth to a son, Zarko, the following year. The family lived in Yugoslavia until 1929, when she went back to Russia with the child after Marshal Tito was arrested and sentenced to six years in prison. The wife died in Russia. The son fought in the Soviet Army during the last war and lost one arm. Marshal Tito's second wife was a blonde Slovene schoolteacher named Herta, whom he married in 1939. She fought with him in the Partisan forces against the Nazis. They were divorced in 1947. Tito still visits his former wife's home to see their son, Misha.





AT THE BELGRADE RECEPTION IN MR. EDEN'S HONOUR : *Left*—The Foreign Secretary with Madame Tito and Marshal Tito at the White Palace. With them is Mrs. Ales Bebler, wife of Yugoslavia's permanent representative on the United Nations. *Right*—A close-up of Madame Tito at the reception. Mr. Eden's goodwill mission lasted six days. During his stay in Belgrade he had talks with M. Kardelj, the Yugoslav Foreign Minister, and there was a full and friendly exchange on world problems.

ARCTIC SUPPLY MISSIONS

United States Heavy-duty Ice-breakers Penetrate to the Far-Northern Weather Stations

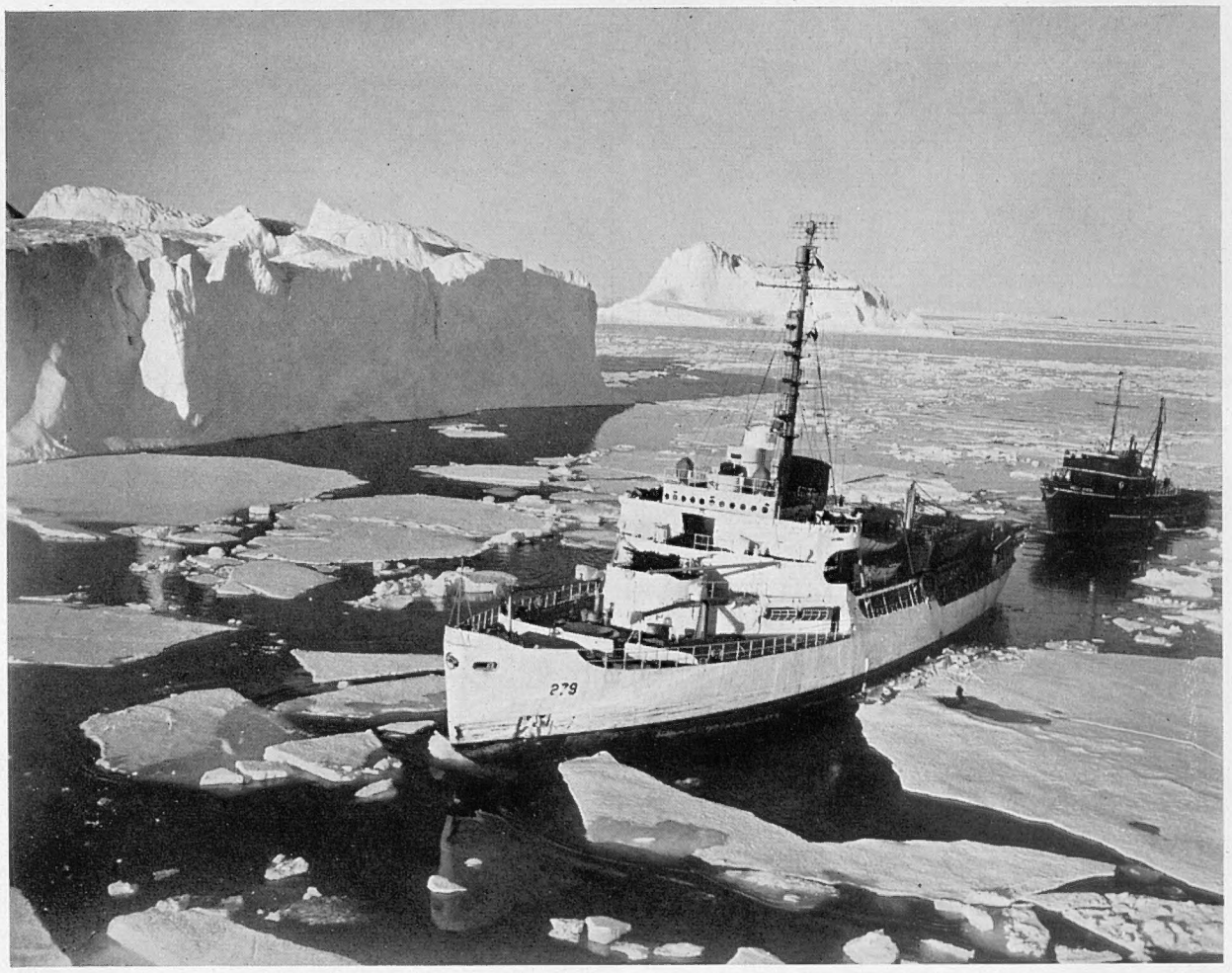
The U.S. Coast Guard have announced lately that one of its heavy-duty ice-breakers, the C.G.C. *Eastwind*, operating with the U.S. Navy, Royal Canadian Navy and Canadian Department of Transport, has completed its assignment with the 1952 Nanook operation to re-supply the isolated Arctic, ice-bound, joint-American and Canadian weather stations.

The operation marks the sixth consecutive year the American Navy ships have undertaken this important supply project and the fifth year in which a Coast Guard ice-breaker has participated.

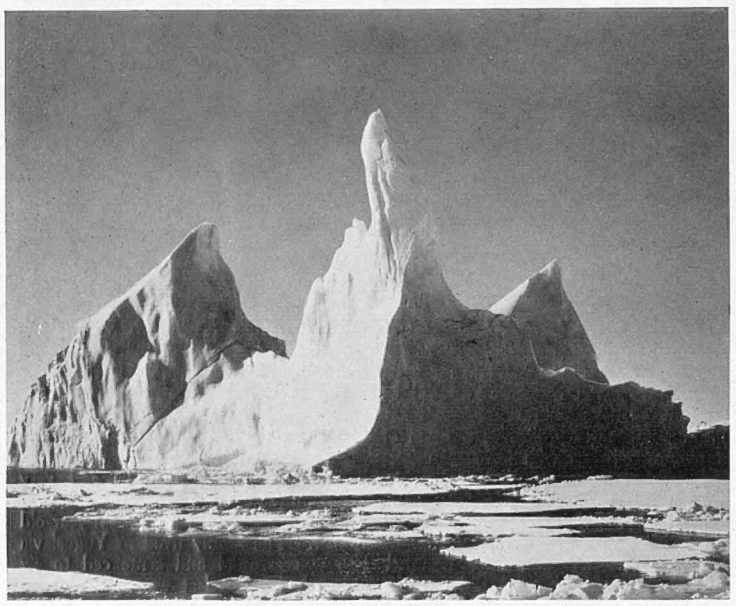
Such missions are the only major means of replenishing these desolate bases, which provide vital information for Arctic research and weather data, as well as valuable scientific and geographical material for study by the U.S. and Canada.

This year, while en route from the operations base at Thule, Greenland, to supply Alert, the northernmost weather station in the world, located on the north-east tip of Ellesmere Island, in the Canadian North-West Territories on Dumbell Bay, the C.G.C. *Eastwind*, under the command of Captain O. A. Peterson, U.S.C.G., met with Arctic ice up to 10 ft. in thickness as it worked its way between and around the floes of solid ice having diameters up to ten miles and criss-crossed with pressure ridges up to 50 ft. in height. So difficult was this passage that three days were spent in covering 120 miles.

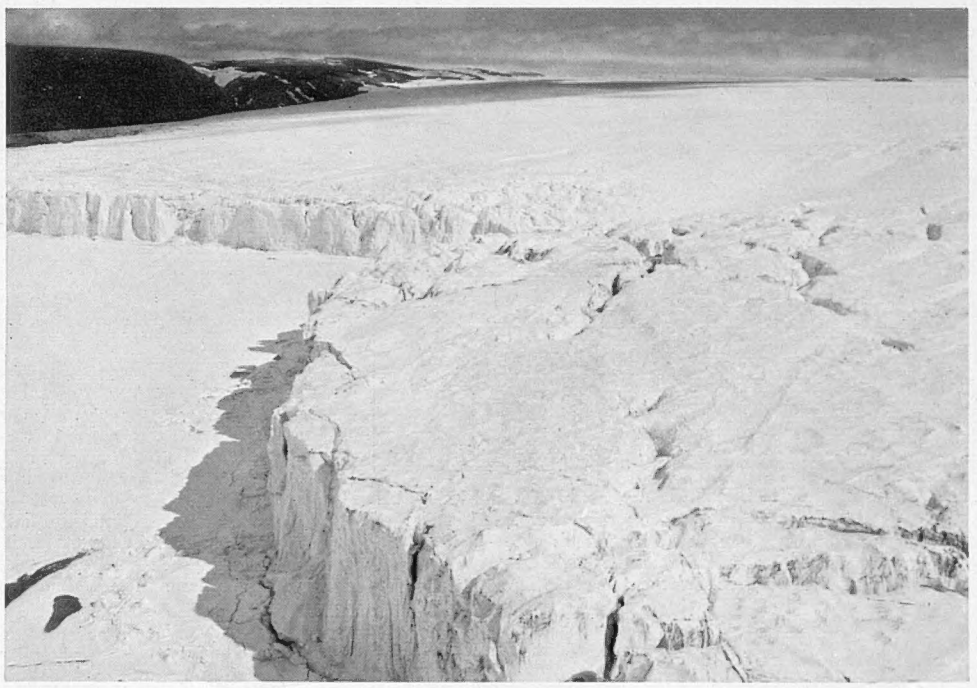
Tons of supplies and equipment were transferred ashore at Alert in a little over eighteen hours as the ship's crew and weather station personnel raced to take advantage of the short Arctic summer season threatening to close all passages back to Thule.



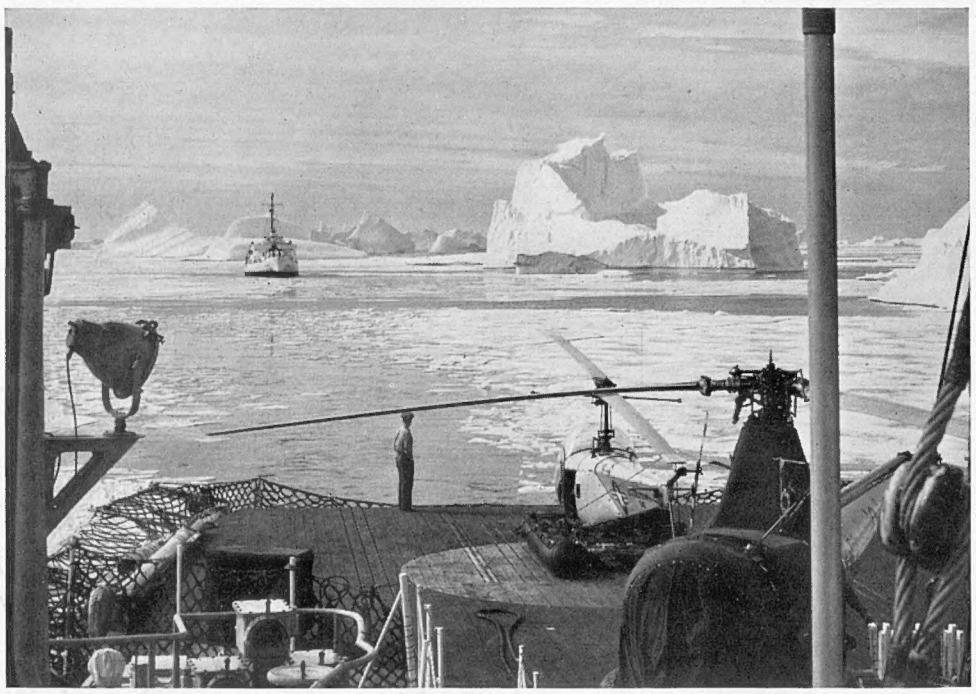
THE UNITED STATES COAST GUARD ICE-BREAKER "EASTWIND" TRAVELLING THROUGH THE ARCTIC ICE: She was one of the heavy-duty ice-breakers in an American naval Task Group which raced against time during the brief Arctic summer to supply the weather stations of the Far North. The Task Group started from the main operation base at Thule, Greenland, and, at its farthest point north, it reached within 508 statute miles of the North Pole.



A BERG ON ITS SOUTHWARD JOURNEY THROUGH BAFFIN BAY TOWARDS THE WATERS OF THE ATLANTIC: This berg was sighted by the U.S. Coast Guard cutter *Eastwind* as the ice-breaker crunched her way through the icefields to take vital supplies to the weather posts.



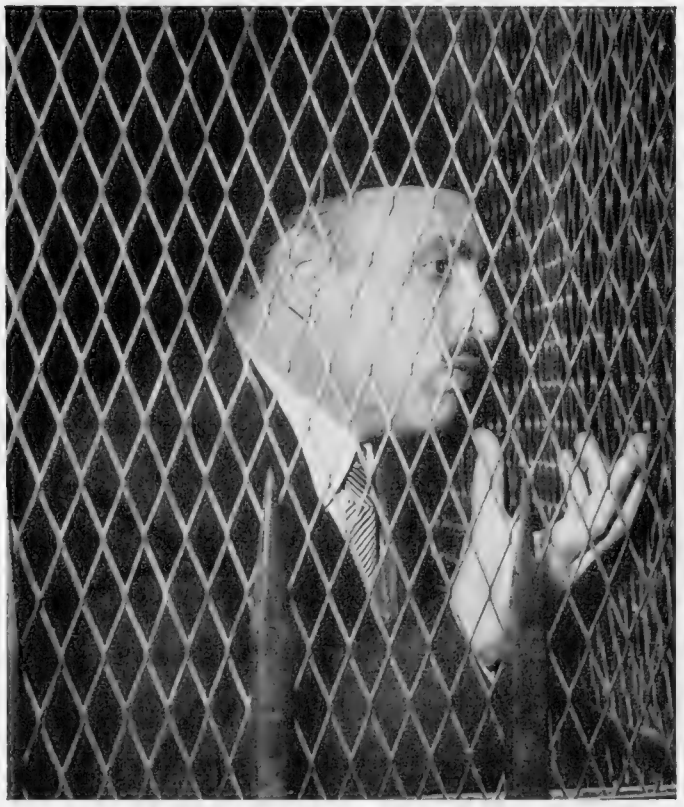
WHERE SOME OF THE GREAT ICEBERGS CALVE: The face of Pettiwick Glacier, Greenland, from which giant bergs begin their southward drift. This panorama shows about five miles of the glacier face.



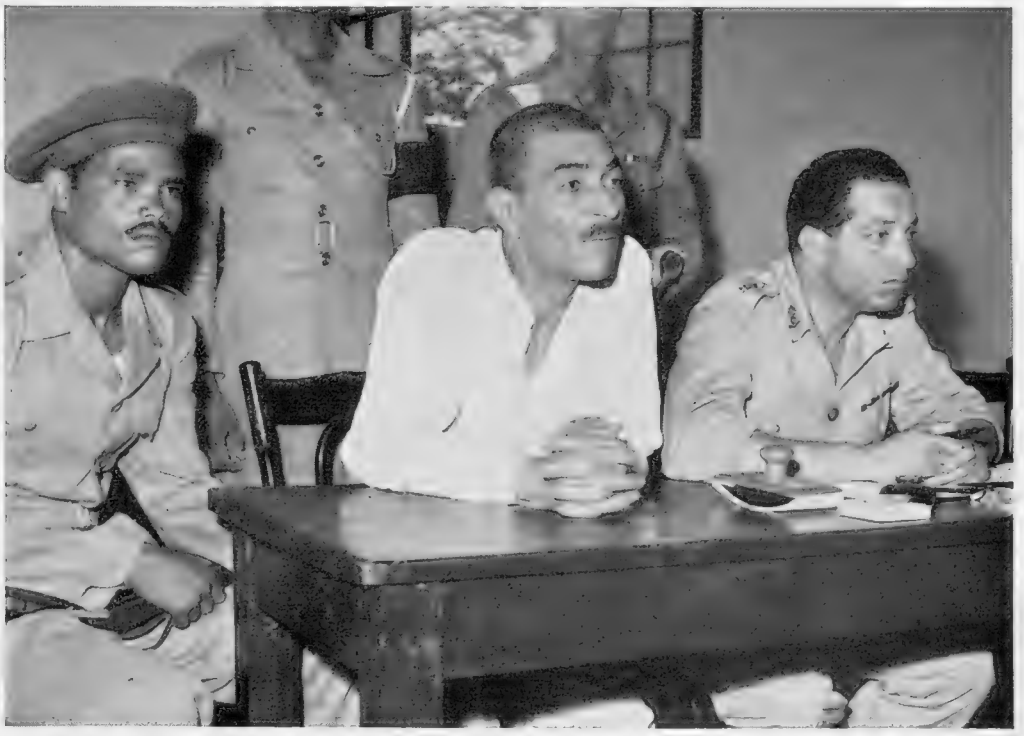
THE HELICOPTER PLAYS ITS PART IN PENETRATING THE ICE OF THE FAR NORTH: *Left*—The ice-breaker *Northwind* seen from the deck of the *Eastwind*, on which are accommodated two helicopters used in the detection of weak spots in the ice barrier. *Right*—One of the helicopters taking off on a mission of exploration. These reconnaissance flights cut down by many hours the time wasted by ice-breakers in probing for weak spots in the barrier.

EGYPT, ERITREA and TURKEY

Two Conspiracy Trials in Cairo; the End of the British Administration of Eritrea; Admiral Carney Watches Turkish Defence Exercises



THE EGYPTIAN SOCIALIST LEADER AHMED HUSSEIN, WHO IS ON TRIAL IN CAIRO: He is seen in court during the three-hour speech he made recently in his defence against charges of conspiracy and incendiarism during the rioting in Cairo on January 26. Though his trial began in May he has appeared in court only three times, for he went on hunger strike and has only just recovered sufficiently to attend the trial. His defence is that the prosecution was attempting to victimise him for his desire to overthrow the now defunct regime. His counsel announced that the authorities were inquiring into the affairs of the Public Prosecutor, who has been in charge of the case.



AHMED RAAFAT SHALABY, THE EGYPTIAN ACTOR WHO IS ON TRIAL FOR INCITEMENT TO MUTINY: Shalaby (centre) is seen on trial before a military court in Cairo on a charge of conspiring against the State and inciting to mutiny in the armed forces. He was alleged to have planned the arrest of Major-General Neguib and to install another General as Commander-in-Chief.

THE END OF THE BRITISH ADMINISTRATION OF ERITREA: *On left*—A British guard of honour presenting arms as the Union Jack is lowered in Asmara, Eritrea, when the British trusteeship of this former Italian colony came to an end last week. *On right*—Mr. D. C. Cumming, the British Chief Administrator, signing the proclamation transferring power to the Federal and Eritrean Governments. This was the fulfilment of a resolution adopted by the United Nations in 1950 that Eritrea shall constitute an autonomous unit Federated with Ethiopia under the sovereignty of the Ethiopian Crown, with the Eritrean Government possessing legislative, executive and judicial powers in the field of domestic affairs. Defence, foreign affairs, currency and finance will be the concern of the Federal Government.

ADMIRAL ROBERT B. CARNEY, C.-IN-C. OF N.A.T.O.'S SOUTHERN EUROPE COMMAND, ATTENDING TURKISH DEFENCE EXERCISES: Admiral Carney is seen at the Turkish headquarters listening to intelligence officers giving estimates of the position of the "enemy" during the exercises. Next to him is General Zekai Okan, Deputy Chief-of-Staff, and seated on the right is Lieut.-General Ismail Hakki Tunaboylu, acting commander of the 1st Turkish Army. *On right*—Admiral Carney with General Okan walking beneath camouflaged netting at the defence headquarters. The exercise involved a defence force guarding the Thracian approaches to Istanbul against invaders approaching from Bulgaria. 20,000 troops took part.

THE FIRST TRY-OUT OF A GIANT JET HELICOPTER : The machine built by the Howard Hughes Aircraft Company seen with its wheels just off the ground during its initial test. The helicopter did not travel more than a few feet, the pilot raising it off the ground merely to "get the feel." The machine measures 136 ft. from rotor-tip to rotor-tip. It has been under construction for the U.S. Air Force.

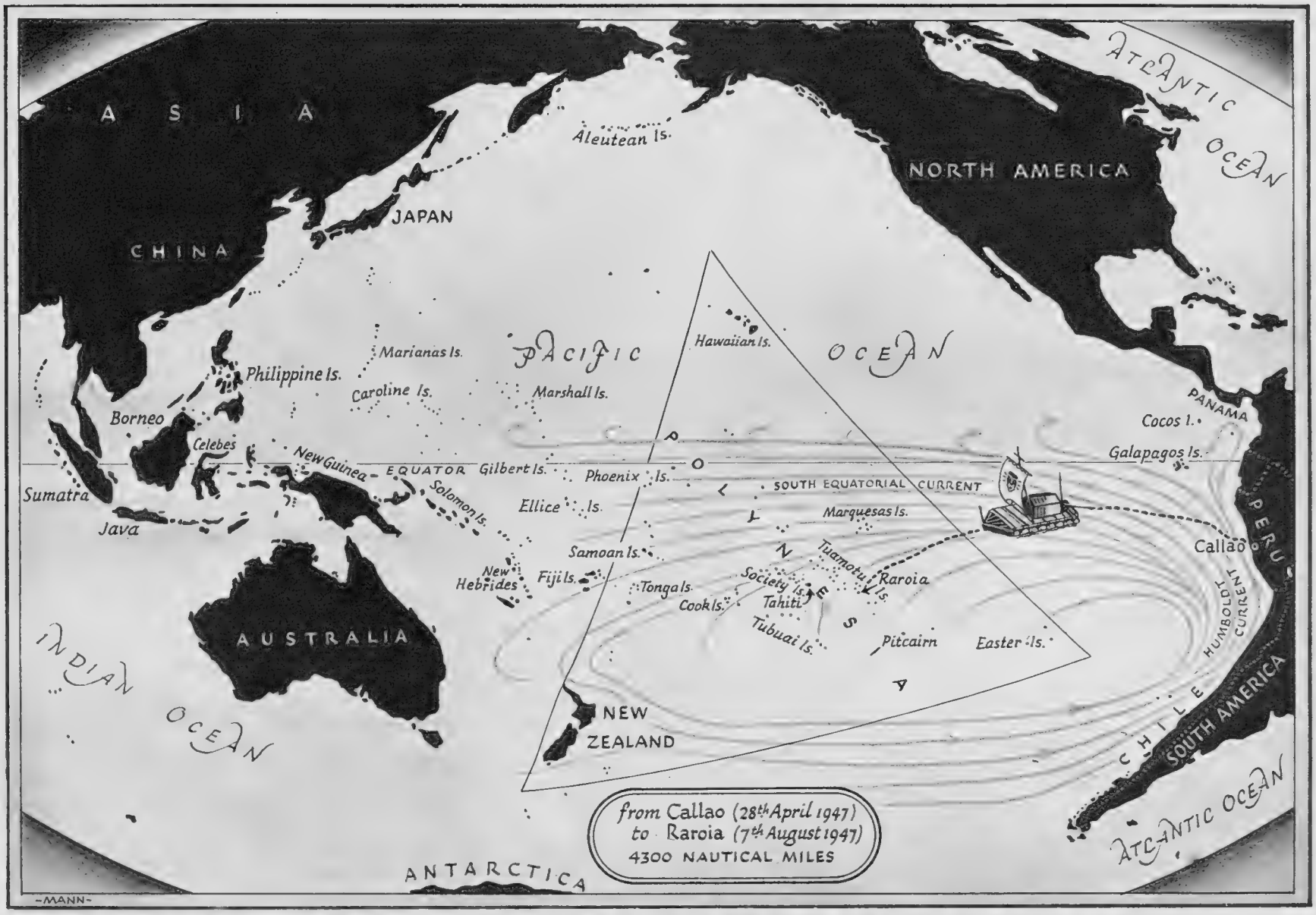
AMERICA'S OUTSIZE HELICOPTER

Below—

WAKE ISLAND AFTER BEING STRUCK BY ONE OF THE WORST PACIFIC TYPHOONS IN RECENT YEARS : This aerial view shows devastated buildings in the island where the living quarters of 600 men, women and children were blown to pieces. The inhabitants—

WAKE ISLAND HIT BY A MIGHTY TYPHOON

employees of the Civil Aeronautics Authority and their families, and of Pan-American Airways and the weather bureau—took shelter during the storm in gun emplacements and ammunition vaults built by the Japanese during the war. After the wind had subsided they spent the night in grounded aircraft. In spite of the violence of the storm, only two persons were injured. One had a broken leg, the other broken ribs. Air-rescue aircraft left Honolulu and Kwajalein with food, water and medical supplies. The military transport *Ainsworth* was diverted from her course when about 700 miles south-east of Wake and took off all but essential personnel, or about nine-tenths of the people on the island. The head of the Pan-American Airways station on Wake reported that all air facilities on the island had been destroyed.



THE VOYAGE OF THE "KON-TIKI" FROM CALLAO TO RAROIA, AN EPIC OF THE SEAS WHICH PROVIDED THE WORLD WITH NEW EVIDENCE REGARDING THE MIGRATION OF AMERICAN INDIANS TO THE ISLANDS OF POLYNESIA: In this sketch-map the *Kon-Tiki's* route is marked. The balsa-wood raft, constructed of logs from the forests of Ecuador, was towed out of Callao Harbour on April 28, 1947, and set adrift clear of the coastal traffic in the early Indian fishing-grounds on the inner edge of the Humboldt Current. On August 7 the raft was washed ashore on the reef of Raroia atoll in the Tuamotu Archipelago, with the crew and all the main cargo safe. To Heyerdahl and his companions here was proof that Polynesia was well within the range of coastal craft in aboriginal Peru, and that weather-driven balsa rafts trapped in the Peru Current will automatically convey crew and cargo from South America to Polynesia. The triangle shown in this sketch-map delimits the area of Polynesia, where it is now established that the blood groups of the people are dissimilar to those found in Micronesia and Melanesia, lying away to the west. Here again may be a clear indication that the Polynesians are originally of American extraction.—*Special "Sphere" sketch-map by Mann.*

THE STORY BEHIND KON-TIKI

How Thor Heyerdahl has Sought to Prove His Contention that the Polynesian People Came Originally from the Shores of North and South America; a Massive Volume which Surges Over the Reefs of Past Arguments

By ROBERT GIBBINGS

(Author and Illustrator of "Iorana, a Tahitian Journal," and "Over the Reefs")

Thor Heyerdahl's astonishing journey of more than 4,000 miles across the Pacific in the balsa raft "Kon-Tiki" was made with a view to proving to the world the theory that the Polynesian people, the eastern-most islanders of the Pacific, had their origin not in a series of migrations eastward from the Indies, as has been popularly supposed, but in migrations westwards from the coasts of the Americas. There may have been a veneer of Asiatic influence at a later date, Mr. Heyerdahl allows, but the basis of Polynesian civilisation is from the continent on the east. In furtherance of this theory, which the majority of anthropologists find it impossible to accept, Mr. Heyerdahl has now written a volume of 500,000 words ("American Indians in the Pacific," published by George Allen and Unwin at 70s.). This monumental work is reviewed on these pages by Robert Gibbings, a distinguished writer who knows the Pacific well and has an intimate knowledge of the islanders whose origins Mr. Heyerdahl is at such pains to explore.

"THE other peoples of Polynesia may have come from the west or they may have come from the east, but the Samoans never migrated. They began here when the world began." The old chief with whom I was talking, on the island of Upolu, in the Samoan group, pointed to some high mountains whose peaks were lost in cloud. "That is where the gods came down to earth and made the first Samoans," he said. Such was the reaction of one Polynesian to the news of Heyerdahl's project, the voyage on the raft *Kon-Tiki*. The reaction of most white people on the island was a lifting of the eyebrows and a shrug of the shoulders. "Another lunatic venture," they said; "somebody trying to outdo Slocum or Voss or Robinson." It was an understood thing among scientists, they said, that the Polynesians had come from the west—everything in their culture showed it. Why, you had only to watch the Samoan dancing, with all its emphasis on the arms and hands, to see its affinity with the dancing of Indonesia. And many of the words in the Samoan language were identical with those of Malay. One of the residents who possessed a library produced *The Maori Race*, by Edward Tregear. *There* was a man, he said, a past President of the Polynesian Society, who had no doubts about a west-to-east migration. And Percy Smith, the founder of the Society and a most distinguished anthropologist, had the same ideas. Peter Buck, curator of the Bernice Bishop Museum in Honolulu and himself of part Maori blood and steeped in the legends and traditions of his mother's people, in this connection thought only of the track *towards* the rising sun. And wasn't it a belief throughout the islands that the spirits of the dead fly westward to their ancestral home? You could see the jumping-off rock on Savai'i, and there was another in Rarotonga.

THE RAFT "KON-TIKI" ON HER EPIC VOYAGE: The vessel, made from nine green balsa trees cut from the forests of Ecuador, seen during her journey across the Pacific.

As to the powers of endurance of the Polynesians when at sea, well, we had just heard the story of Nabetari, the Ocean Islander, who after escaping from the Japanese occupation of his island had existed in a canoe, alone, for seven months, living only on the fish he could catch until eventually he was cast up on the island of Ninigo, 1,000 miles from home. If Heyerdahl,

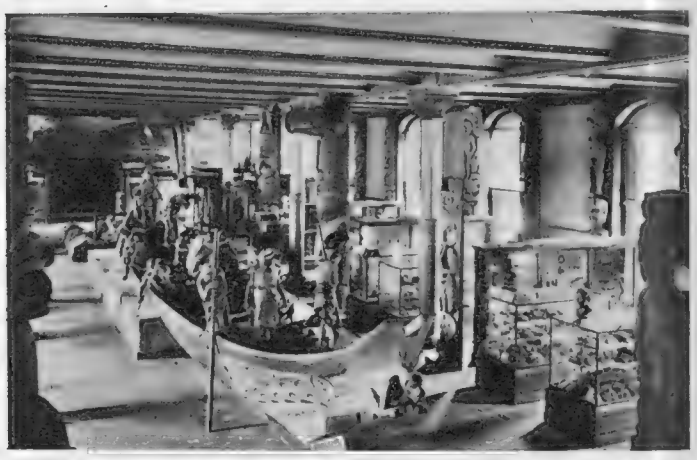
(Concluded on following pages)

THE EMERGENCE OF THE RAFT "KON-TIKI," WHICH WAS CONSTRUCTED OF NINE MAIN BALSA LOGS FROM THE JUNGLE OF ECUADOR: *Left*—The logs being floated downstream towards the port of Callao, from which the *Kon-Tiki* began its journey across the Pacific. *Right*—The *Kon-Tiki* on her voyage. There were no spikes, nails or wire ropes used in the whole construction, nor were any materials carried on board for repair other than rope, bejuco-lianas and bamboo. A deck of split bamboo covered with reed mats formed a level platform over most of the partly submerged and slippery balsa logs. In the middle of the raft was an open bamboo hut, formed of bamboo canes covered by plaited reed walls and a roof of bamboo thatched with banana leaves. The 29-ft. bipod mast of mangrove wood was raised forward of the cabin. The square sail of cotton canvas was hauled upon a yard of two bamboo stems.

THE STORY BEHIND KON-TIKI: An Epic Voyage Across the Pacific

SUPPORTING THE "KON-TIKI" THEORY—A STRONG RESEMBLANCE IN IDEA AS WELL AS IN FORM BETWEEN TWO CARVINGS FROM OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE PACIFIC: *Left*—This is a Maori house post from New Zealand, and (*right*) this is a Kwakiutl house post from the north-west coast of America. Both these well-executed specimens are in the Brooklyn Museum of Art. Both represent a main figure carved with an extremely large head and stunted legs and with the arms bent at a right-angle.

MAORI WAR CANOE IN AUCKLAND MUSEUM: It was in fleets of great canoes that the forefathers of the Maori people journeyed across the Pacific a few generations before the time of Columbus. The Maori is an average representative of the former Central Polynesian, well-preserved through effective local isolation, and if Thor Heyerdahl's theory is correct, his origin was among the American Indians, not among the peoples of South-East Asia.



A HAIDA WAR CANOE IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY: This North-West Indian canoe bears a strong resemblance to the Maori form reproduced above. There are other strong similarities between the North-West Indian and the Maori cultures, and these are freely commented upon by Thor Heyerdahl in his book.

(*Concluded from previous page*)

a non-Polynesian, ever reached anywhere but the inside of a shark, he would be lucky. If he reached land, what would it prove? Nothing, except that it was possible to make such a journey. It appeared that one of Heyerdahl's contentions was that the *kumara*, or sweet potato, being indigenous to South America and having spread from there to all parts of Polynesia, retaining its Peruvian name, must therefore have been carried by colonists and was a proof of his east-to-west migration theory. I made the inconsequent remark that because the common spud had reached Ireland from America and had become the staple food of the inhabitants, it didn't prove that the Irish had migrated from America.

That was about as far as the discussion was carried "on the beach" in Samoa. The problem seemed not only a simple one but one that had already been resolved. But, in fact, the problem is neither simple nor resolved; indeed, the field of enquiry is so wide that among scientists it has produced theories that are almost as contradictory as they are numerous.

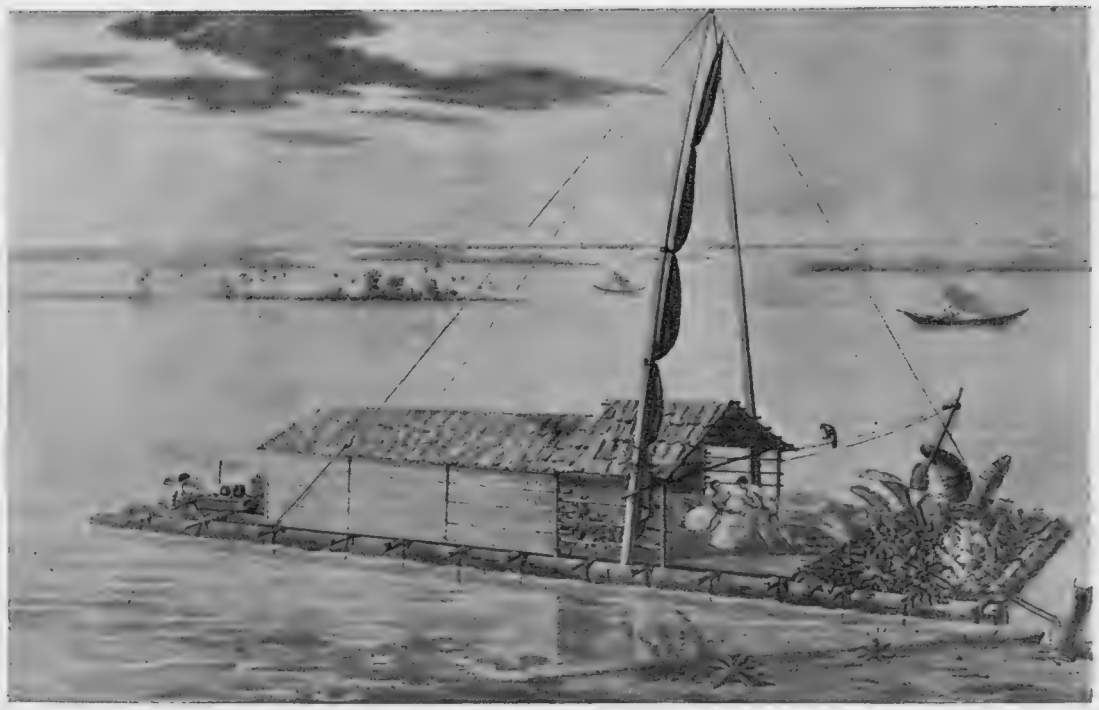
In 1871 Thomson declared that the Polynesians were a mixed race, and from a linguistic analysis affirmed that it was from Southern India that they had come. Seven years later, Fornander gave it as his opinion that they had originated in Arabia and had only reached the Pacific after long migrations through the old world. In 1895 Volz claimed that they were related to the dark-skinned Melanesians and Australian aborigines, and ten years later Thompson stated that the Polynesians are one of the purest of all known races, being a Caucasian people which had reached the sea at the Persian Gulf and acquired the art of seamanship from the Phœnicians. Only two years after that Macdonald attributed to them a Semitic origin, and in 1923 Perry pronounced that they had come from Egypt. That is by no means the end of the conflicting ideas concerning the wanderings of a people who, for one reason or another expelled from their original Eden, have since found for themselves a very fair substitute. Japan, Korea, China, have all been brought into the picture. Perhaps the late Robert W. Williamson prophesied wisely when, in 1939, after years of monumental research, he wrote: "The most historical ethnology can do is to offer us a vast number of alternative possibilities without any hope of ever knowing which is the correct interpretation."

Now in 1952 comes this colossal volume, this mountainous tidal wave of specialised study. It surges over the reefs of past arguments, lifting the boulders of accepted ideas as if they were pebbles and crashing them on to a scarce-explored strand. Among all who have studied the question there are but few who have even hinted at an American origin. It is a pity that this book of Heyerdahl's is so enormous. Its physical weight is a continuous embarrassment: 800 pages, crown quarto, are too much for any lap. Why not two volumes and comfort for the reader? But, then, what signifies a morsel of discomfort to a man who travels 4,000 miles on a few logs of balsa wood.

To help prove his contention that the Polynesian people originally came from the shores of North and South America, Thor Heyerdahl made the raft journey that is already historic. All honour to him; but it does not prove that travelling from west to east was not also feasible. Winds from the west prevail at certain seasons of the year—a Polynesian canoe was once driven 600 miles to the east before a westerly gale; the missionary John Williams sailed eastwards from Samoa to the Cook Islands, a distance of 800 miles, without changing tack. Buck calculated that "allowing a canoe with a favourable wind a speed of seven miles an hour, the voyage from the Marquesas to Peru would have taken a little over three weeks." He was of opinion that the *kumara* was brought to the islands by Polynesians who

A SIMILARITY IN RACIAL TYPES: *Left*—A young Polynesian girl from Fatuhiva, in the Marquesas, and (*right*) a young North-West Indian girl from the Skeena River, British Columbia. In as much as it is possible to compare an apparently composite stock like the Polynesian with any single outside group, they share all their dominant and most apparent characteristics with the coastal population of British Columbia and its islands.

CARVED WOODEN COLUMNS OR TOTEM POLES FROM NEW ZEALAND AND FROM THE NORTH-WEST COAST OF THE UNITED STATES: Related to the idea of carving elaborate house posts was this idea of the totem pole. The example *on the left* is in New Zealand. That *on the right* is from the American coast. In both poles the upper figure has a protruding tongue.



A BALSA RAFT IN GUAYAQUIL BAY, THE ORIGINAL CRAFT OF PACIFIC SOUTH AMERICA: This drawing was published by Humboldt in 1810. He pointed out at the time that the drawing had a double purpose: (1) to show the variety of local fruits piled on the deck, and (2) to make known the form of these great rafts (balsas) which the Peruvians have made use of since the earliest times on the coasts of the South Seas and in the mouth of the Guayaquil River. Humboldt said these seemingly clumsy sailing-craft could be steered at will even close to the wind.

STEPPED PYRAMIDAL PLATFORMS AS RELIGIOUS STRUCTURES SEEN IN BOTH AMERICA AND POLYNESIA: *Left*—The temple and burial-place at Papara, Tahiti. *Right*—The Totonac Temple near Vera Cruz, Mexico. Before the arrival of Europeans these stepped pyramidal forms served as temples and as tombs.

STONE HUMAN STATUES AGAIN BEAR WITNESS TO THE CULTURAL LINKS BETWEEN SOUTH AMERICA AND POLYNESIA: *Left*—One of the stone giants of San Augustin, Colombia, South America, and (*right*) a stone giant of Raivaevae Island, Tubuai Group, South-East Polynesia. Owing to the colossal heads on these images the artist left very little room for shoulders, and the neck was invariably omitted.

had visited South America, and not by explorers travelling westward from the mainland.

Let us now consider some of the author's multitudinous and widespread arguments. Having established the fact that the islands under discussion are not the mountain peaks of a submerged continent, and that the general distribution of land and sea in this area has been unaltered for at least the last 1,000,000 years, he goes on to compare the physical features and proportions of the inhabitants with those of the continental peoples to east and to west of them. He speaks of the Polynesians as being among the tallest people in the world, and contrasts them with the Indonesians who are of short stature. He compares the quality of their hair and their beards with those of the peoples to the west, and says "the beardless Malays cannot be made responsible for the unexpected distribution of what is occasionally a heavy growth of beard in Polynesia." (Here I cannot resist the interpolation that in my own experience when, during a period of two years, I visited more than thirty different islands, I saw nothing among the natives to suggest a strong growth of hair on either the face or body, but, indeed, saw much to the contrary.) Mr. Heyerdahl then contrasts the "not uncommon aquiline contour of the nose" with "the soft, low-ridged and flattened nose of the Malays," and from there, by way of differences in cranial shapes, leads us into a discussion of blood groups. He tells us that this racial factor, considered to be one of the most dependable in a study of inheritance, speaks strongly against a Polynesian descent from Malays or from other Indonesian stock. It has been found, he says, that Group B reaches its world maximum in India and is high throughout Eastern Asia, including Indonesia and even right into Melanesia and Micronesia, but that at the western border of Polynesia there is a clear break. There it is minimal or absent. Significantly, it is also extremely low or almost absent among the aboriginal Americans. Equally significant, findings of Groups O and A among the North American Indians appear to be matched, even to the detail of sub-groups, among the aborigines of Hawaii.

Linguistic affinities between the islands and Indonesia are easily disposed of: we are asked to consider "whether those few words might not rather have reached those several northern Asiatic isles from Polynesia than *vice versa*." The absence in Polynesia of pottery, the loom and the wheel, all well known in Indonesia, is emphasised as strongly as the presence there of numerous affinities with aboriginal America. Canoe-building, totem poles, plank cutting, petroglyphic designs, stone pounders, weapons of war, fish hooks, boat bailers, tattooing, dress, ornament, bark cloth, not to mention myths and legends—one becomes dazed by subjects brought into the discussion, overwhelmed by the mass of argument.

In addition to the text, there are more than ninety plates: Peruvian mummies, Peruvian pots, stone carvings from Yucatan, Columbia, Mexico and Easter Island, are all called into the pictorial witness-box. Men from Vancouver are compared with men from Tahiti, a girl from Alaska with one from the Marquesas. If even half of Mr. Heyerdahl's deductions are correct, it would seem that there is little more to be said on the subject of Polynesian migrations. But only a battalion of scientists armed with fine combs and dissecting tools could give a full and final appraisal of the contents of this heroic volume.

THE SPHERE is indebted to Messrs. George Allen and Unwin, publishers of Thor Heyerdahl's *American Indians in the Pacific*, for the loan of photographs and maps with which to illustrate this review by Robert Gibbings. Some of the pictures have been specially obtained from Sweden.

NEWS from THREE CONTINENTS

THE REINTERMENT OF THE BONES OF FREDERICK THE GREAT AND HIS FATHER—MARSHAL TITO AT THE ADRIATIC NAVAL EXERCISES—HAILE SELASSIE AND THE PASSING OF POWER IN ERITREA—GERMANY'S HIGHEST HOTEL DE-REQUISITIONED

A ROYAL OCCASION IN REPUBLICAN GERMANY: Reinhold Maier (left), President of the West German Upper House, shaking hands with Prince Oscar of Prussia outside the Castle of Hechingen before they took part in the ceremonies relating to the reburial of the bones of Frederick the Great and of his father, Frederick Wilhelm I.

HOHENZOLLERNS YOUNG AND OLD WALK IN PROCESSION INTO THE CASTLE OF HECHINGEN: Prince Louis Ferdinand, head of the house of Brandenburg-Prussia, is walking with his mother, Princess Cecilia, and his wife, Grand Duchess Kyra. They saw the reinterment of the bones of King Frederick the Great and Frederick Wilhelm I. At Hechingen Castle the bones of the two kings will remain until, in the words of one of the Hohenzollern family, "Germany is united again and they can return to Potsdam."

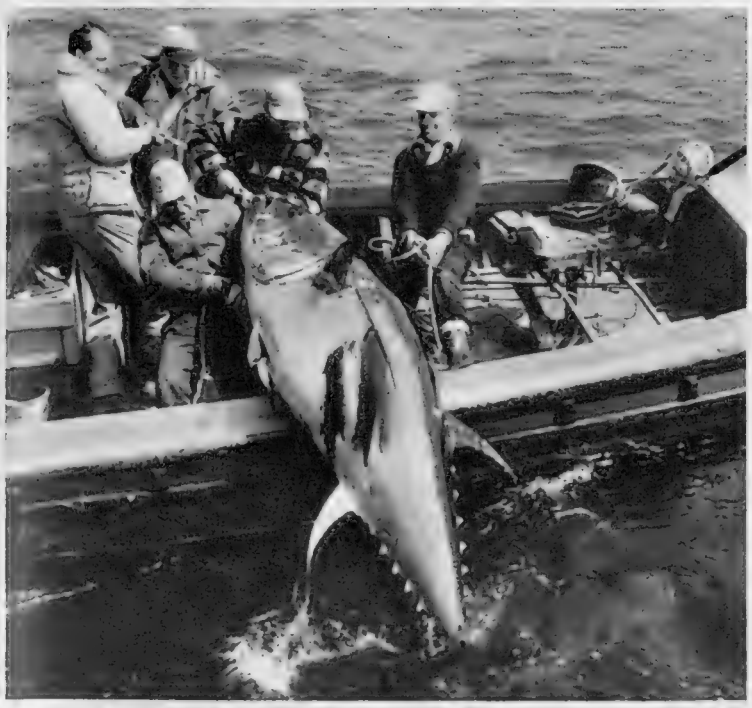
THE GATHERING IN THE KNIGHTS' HALL AT HECHINGEN: Prince Louis Ferdinand, head of the house of Brandenburg-Prussia, Princess Cecilia and Herr Robert Lehr, West German Minister of the Interior. They were awaiting the arrival of the coffins of the two kings.

THE 1,000-YEAR-OLD HOHENZOLLERN CASTLE ON ITS HILLTOP SITE NEAR HECHINGEN: It was from this castle, which was partly destroyed in the 15th century and rebuilt in the 1850's, that the Hohenzollerns migrated to Prussia, where they became the ruling family in the 18th century.

To the tiny Würtemberg town of Hechingen representatives of the West German Federal Republic and the remnants of German Royalty and nobility went early in September to witness the reburial of the bodies of King Frederick the Great and of his father. Thus the bodies came to a new halting-place once again, seven years after they had been removed from the crypt of the Garrison Church at Potsdam, just before the Soviet Army swept into the home of the Prussian ruling family. At the ceremony of reburial, Professor Bruno Doehring, former chaplain of the Royal house, told those present that "unless we Germans want to abandon our history, we must print on our hearts the idea that governed the great father and his still greater son, which was, ' people and Fatherland."

MARSHAL TITO ON BOARD THE AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "CORAL SEA" DURING THE AMERICAN WARSHIP'S VISIT TO THE ADRIATIC: The Marshal is seen eating a hot dog when he toured the general mess deck of the *Coral Sea* in company with Vice-Admiral Cassady, Commander of the Sixth Fleet, and Ambassador Allan. Marshal Tito and a party of ten observers boarded the carrier at Split and they then witnessed a series of carrier air exercises carried out with great precision. An hour after leaving Split the *Coral Sea* launched from her decks scores of jet and piston-engined aircraft, and there followed a spectacular display of aerobatics. While at Split Marshal Tito also took part in ceremonies relating to the tenth anniversary of the Partisan Navy, the Yugoslavian naval force which he himself formed during the Second World War.

A NEW ERA IN EAST AFRICA—THE EMPEROR OF ETHIOPIA, HAILE SELASSIE, REPLYING TO THE SPEECHES WHICH WERE ADDRESSED TO HIM AT THE GRAND PALACE, ADDIS ABABA, ON THE OCCASION OF THE RATIFICATION OF THE FEDERAL ACT, WHEREBY THE OLD ITALIAN COLONY OF ERITREA IS FEDERATED WITH ETHIOPIA; STANDING AT HIS RIGHT HAND IS THE EMPRESS: The passing of British trustee power in Eritrea was marked by ceremonies in which British and Ethiopian troops took part. The Emperor has appointed his son-in-law, Bitwoded Mesai, as his representative in Eritrea, and there were scenes of jubilation among the native population when the Viceroy's aircraft landed at Asmara Airport. The band of the South Wales Borderers played the Ethiopian National Anthem and the Emperor's representative inspected a guard of honour from the same regiment. The two-mile route to the former Italian Governor's Palace was lined with cheering crowds, among them large numbers of children. (See also page 453 of this issue).

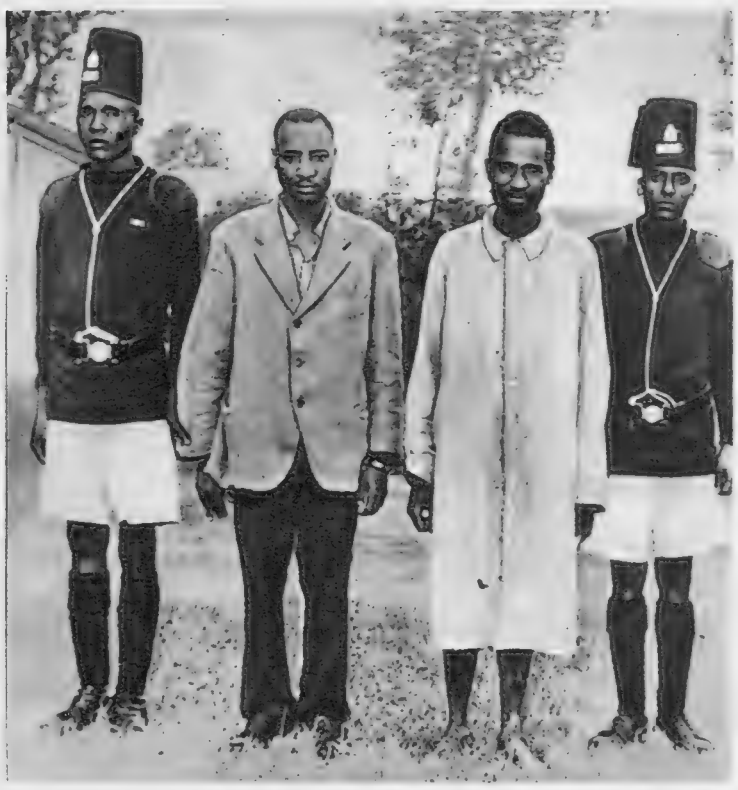


THE FIRST TUNA TO BE CAUGHT BY THE U.S.A. TEAM AT THE THREE-DAY NINTH INTERNATIONAL TUNA CUP MATCH OFF WEDGEWOOD, NOVA SCOTIA: William K. Carpenter, of Wilmington, Delaware (left, bareheaded), helps his crew to haul a 670-lb. bluefin into the boat's cockpit on the opening day of the International Cup Match. This was the first fish to be caught by the American team and was landed within fifty-five minutes. The wounds on the tuna were made by the gaff used in bringing the fish alongside.

THE SMALLEST HELICOPTER EVER PRODUCED FOR THE UNITED STATES ARMY MAKES ITS FIRST FLIGHT DEMONSTRATION TO THE PUBLIC: The XH-26, a one-man, pulse-jet helicopter made for the American Army by the American Helicopter Company, takes off at Torrance, California, for its first public demonstration. The hoverplane, which is an advanced design of the experimental Top Sergeant and Buck Private, is the smallest helicopter ever procured by the Army. Its top speed is 80 miles an hour and its flight range is about an hour-and-a-half. The helicopter has been unofficially dubbed the "jet jeep." The American Helicopter Company has lately acquired a larger works at Falcon Field near Phœnix, Arizona.

GERMANY'S HIGHEST HOTEL DE-REQUISITIONED: The flag of the West German Federal Republic is raised on the terrace of Schneeferner Hotel, Germany's highest hotel, following its return to its owners by the United States Army, who requisitioned the hotel in 1945. Capable of accommodating 140 guests, the hotel is finely situated some 8,400 ft. up in the German Alps.

A MILE-LONG QUEUE OF NEARLY 300 TRUCKS WAITS FOR CLEARANCE AT THE CHECK-POINT AT HELMSTEDT, WEST GERMANY, BEFORE PROCEEDING ALONG THE MAIN HIGHWAY TO WEST BERLIN: This is pictorial evidence of the new Russian campaign of interference on the Berlin-Helmstedt autobahn, a campaign that has reached such proportions that the waiting vehicles have on occasions stretched in an unbroken line for five miles. The normal rate of clearance by the Russian Zone police of about twelve vehicles an hour has been steadily reduced. Recently the rate of clearance has fallen as low as two to four an hour. At a recent meeting in Berlin, hauliers expressed doubts whether they could continue with this traffic, so uneconomic had its operation become.



TWO MEMBERS OF MAU MAU, THE SECRET SOCIETY PLEDGED TO DRIVE EUROPEANS OUT OF THE COLONY OF KENYA: They are seen standing handcuffed between two East African police after their arrest.

So serious has the situation become in the Colony of Kenya that an emergency session of the Legislature has had to be called. Before the Legislature are being put eight Bills designed to strengthen authority against crime and subversion. This is a direct challenge to the Mau Mau Society, which is trying to drive the whites out of Kenya by a reign of terror. Last week the text of the Bills was made known in a special issue of the official *Gazette*. These Bills call for control of the Press and other organisations, and restrictions on the movements of Mau Mau members. The law is to be amended to permit confessions made to police officers to be used in evidence. A Provincial Commissioner who has satisfied himself that any person is a member of the Mau Mau may order his removal to a restricted area. Disobedience of the order would entail a fine of £100 sterling or twelve months, or both. Finally, penalties for sedition are to be greatly increased.

After a long debate in private the European Electors' Union annual conference in Nairobi last week passed a resolution urging the Government of Kenya "as a matter of real urgency to intensify their efforts to suppress and control organisations, including the Press, subversive and disruptive to the stability and ordered progress of the Colony."

The resolution stated: "This conference views with horror and indignation the failure of the Government to protect those loyal Africans who have come forward and given evidence which has led to the conviction and sentence of members of the Mau Mau."

The resolution also called for a judicial inquiry to determine responsibility for failure to deal effectively with the unrest in Kenya.

A TRIANGULAR CONTEST FOR

MOROCCO'S RICHES

The Fabulous Protectorate which Offers a Constant Lure to Foreign Powers

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE Asian and Arab States—thirteen of them—are again seeking formally to indict France before the United Nations in New York, with respect to French hegemony in Morocco. In this, the thirteen might lightly be taken for mouthpieces of the Sultan, who demands an end of the Treaty of Fez, by which a French Protectorate was established forty years ago. But such would be too facile a construction. There are more fingers in the Moroccan pie than that.

Hardly to be wondered at of a country which, as the result of unexampled development and change within a span of record brevity, remains probably the most coveted of all corners of the African continent.

To borrow an Atlantic colloquialism, Morocco has got what it takes so as to be a constant lure to foreign Powers. It has got incredibly more to offer now than when the German gunboat *Panther* anchored at Agadir in 1911, thereby nearly anticipating the First World War by three years. Yet contemporary Morocco is as far behind what it could become, as the times of Agadir were behind the position at the onset of Americanism in 1946.

If public and private capital is pouring into Africa at the rate of about £270,000,000 a year, a relatively fat portion must be Morocco bound. Fearing another war, Frenchmen have poured their money into the Protectorate. An idea of how the United States are spending locally may be inferred from the bill presented to date for the construction of five air bases: close on £300,000,000. And then there 's Tangier, which attracts so much sound currency, gold and precious stones to an Aladdin-like enclave.

Nor should the small Spanish Zone be left outside, since all Morocco, Berber and Arab, European and Jewish, is by natural law an economic and strategical unity. The Madrid Government has launched a five-year development plan costing £7,500,000. Something of a pin-prick beside American outlay, yet illustrative of the round fact that no other Arab land has received half such attention since the war.

The main reason for this is the emergence of Morocco as one of the principal air bases of N.A.T.O.—indeed, as a critical spot in the Cold War as a whole. For its strategical role is a good deal more than aerial. Four good ports on the Atlantic coast (Larache, Casablanca, Mogador and Agadir) push their rail links through Algeria and Tunisia almost to the Libyan border, to a point where a tarmac road system, now being overhauled, carries on to the Nile Delta.

A wider appreciation of the riches that lie in Morocco, together with the possibilities of trading as a means of getting at them, has been the second cause of the territory's vogue. THE SPHERE told the story, two years ago, of how ex-G.I.s stayed on after the armistice and set what has since been termed "Cadillac-powered living" as a target for themselves. Briefly, they found that by an ancient treaty American subjects could do pretty well as they liked.

So they traded gloriously of all sorts with the native population, and in course of time came to the conclusion that a crazy self-indulgence was by itself foolish: profits should be directed to exploiting Morocco's existing and potential riches. At the risk of reading like a catalogue, I must set them down, because they go to make much of the question-mark to Morocco and its future.

Phosphate of lime is to be had in illimitable quantities. Iron, lead, beryl, zinc, copper and tin, and the much sought molybdenum, are all there for the striving.

If afforestation were properly taken in hand, whole regions would be rich in oak and cedars, and in cork forests. If a really big thing were made of irrigation, there 'd scarcely be a limit to olive, orange, almond and date trees, or to wheat and barley, while fat crops of cotton and flax could be won instead of thin and undependable yields.

The present raising of cattle, sheep, horses and goats could be trebled, and the size of the two first increased.

Fisheries along a treacherous coast have led to a canning industry. Bigger catches of fine quality lobsters and of sardines would offset some expansion.

Morocco already runs its flour mills, oil mills and railways on electric power. The same—from the torrents of the Atlas—could gradually be applied to industry in general, thereby boosting the home consumption and the export of leather, textiles, wool and skins.

The building industry is currently taxed to the full, what with native fecundity, immigration and the American descent. In 1939 Casablanca counted less than 300,000 of all hues. To-day the figure has soared to more than 700,000. "Casa" apart, it is around Agadir that the most striking expansion is expected. The Agadir region seems to have everything, judging by the way in which American engineers, prospectors and executives pack the hotels.

I can think of but one line in which Morocco could conceivably lose under high-powered development, and that 's tourism. Before the war, I used to stay at Agadir for 30 francs a day pension, and a perfectly good hotel it was, too. Now that same place, jazzed up and expanded, charges 3,000 francs. Don't blame the Americans. Blame the Cold War. If it lasts long enough, maybe "tourist" countries will reserve zones for ordinary folk, which would be barred to Americans.

It is too late in Morocco, where the United States are now represented by 30,000 of their nationals, both civilian and military, the former including several hundred of the most go-getting businessmen loose on this side of the Atlantic. In August, before the International Court of Justice at The Hague, lawyer Gros said they "engaged in privileged import and money-exchange activities based on fraud," and could not be checked by local laws.

Maître Gros, representing France, declared that the U.S. was trying to build a quasi-Protectorate of its own in Morocco, to which came American retort that the French were trying to weld Morocco into their own economy. The World Court took refuge in a compromise judgment. The ban on imports from the U.S. must be lifted. But Americans in Morocco would have to obey local laws and pay income tax.

Taking into account potential wangling and baksheesh under the latter two heads, the judgment leaves the Americans with rather more than a foothold in Morocco. How now? As far as the leading Paris newspaper, *Le Monde*, is concerned, the Americans have been carrying on a policy of *fait accompli* which influential American forces seek to use as an excuse to dictate to France the attitude which she should adopt with regard to the Moroccan Empire.

So as to exert the necessary pressure, the Americans have far surpassed the scope of the agreement for air bases. Huge wireless installations blaring the American angle, and the dimensions of Port Lyautey alone, terminal point for transatlantic aircraft, including the giant C.74's, breathe an occupation.

The presence of a large body of Americans with their very high salaries and standard of living has had a disruptive effect on the economy of the country. Moreover, waste alone cannot explain the excess spending of some £175,000,000 on the air bases, over the original estimate. The French are convinced the Americans have been greasing Moroccan palms and currying favour by figuring as the nation that can introduce Western democracy.

Bearing in mind the astonishing benefits and progress which the French have wrought in Morocco during four decades, it is perhaps as well to pay attention to their considered opinion that the Moroccans are not yet sufficiently advanced politically to cope with the boon dangled before them.

Unfortunately the French themselves are vulnerable too. In order to conserve a preferential treatment for their settlers and to keep Morocco as a market and raw material base for French industry, the French withhold agricultural and industrial development which would raise an unnecessarily low native standard of living.

Lack of money for the requisite capital investment and frigidity towards a flow of foreign capital into Morocco, are advanced in explanation. But there are other factors. If Moroccan cultivators were granted the same backing that French settlers get, the latter would have to endure a levelling-down process. And the big French farmers complain in advance that, were industrialisation expedited, industrial employment opportunities would raise wages and tend to make their labourers "too independent."

After French and Americans, a third party in the rivalry for Morocco's site and riches is composed of those who would use the feudally-minded Sultan as a "front." This political power is formed by a mixture of Abd-el-Krim's Maghreb Committee in Cairo, the Istiqlal (Moroccan Nationalists) steered by intellectuals of the Left and Far Left, and by invisible Communists.

The Sultan believes that the acquisition of real sovereign powers as a benevolent despot depends on some form of going along with the intellectuals. The famous Pasha of Marrakech, El Glaoui, is sure any deal with the Istiqlal would commit the Sultan into its revolutionary hands. He thinks the oft-heard assertion that Islam and Communism are incompatibles is clever Russian-inspired wool-pulling over Western eyes. El Glaoui prefers his own brand of benevolent despotism which he exercises alongside the French, whose staunchest support he is.

What with one thing and another, the delay in opening up the riches of Morocco is likely to continue, and with it, Moroccan hostility to the West, fed, as this is, by a low living standard, poverty and unemployment.

The recent Hague judgment has left the three-cornered rivalry in Morocco much where it was before. Perhaps the best hope at this stage is that the N.A.T.O. nations should bring their good offices to bear, as a company. After all, the air bases in Morocco are in their name, and they share French and American cares lest anything should befall in this critical territory.

CASABLANCA'S VAST NEW HOUSING ENTERPRISE: Houses on the new estate for native workers at Ain Choch, a fast-growing suburb of the Moroccan seaport, where post-war development has been upon an elaborate scale. Each bungalow with a patio covers 676 sq. ft. of ground, which works out at 160 inhabitants per acre. This, of course, represents a vast improvement over the dense crowding of the average Moroccan kasbah.

THE ARID PLAINS OF THE BON-MOUSSA AND BON-AMIR IN FRENCH MOROCCO ARE NOW WATERED, THANKS TO THIS NEW DAM AT BIN EL OUIDANEM: E.C.A. funds helped to build this great dam, which stands astride a narrow defile in the foothills.

SAN BENEDICTO IN ERUPTION

THE WORLD'S LATEST VOLCANO, AND OTHER NEWS FROM THE AMERICAN CONTINENT

On right—

Dr. Robert S. Dietz, the U.S. Navy geologist, has described the new San Benedicto volcano, in the Revillagigedo Group of Mexico, as of supreme scientific importance, as he says, together with other new information about the ocean floor, it may point to major features of changes in the earth's crust.

Between explosions the crater was nearly clear of smoke, declared Dr. Dietz after a flying trip over San Benedicto, and he was able to see clearly into it. He said that the volcano's cone, which in approximately six weeks had reared its summit 1,050 ft. above the sea, had spread until it had radically changed the shape of San Benedicto Island. He is keeping a constant watch on the new volcano.

Some months ago another new volcano made its appearance, being seen for the first time by American flyers when making an ocean crossing north of the Philippines.

SMOKE POURS FROM THE CRATER OF THE EARTH'S NEWEST VOLCANO : The volcano is erupting on uninhabited San Benedicto Island, 780 miles south of San Diego, California. It has been belching clouds of boiling grey smoke and gas every twenty minutes since it was observed in September by Dr. Robert S. Dietz, a geologist, of the U.S. Navy Electronics Laboratory.

THE LIVINGSTON CHANNEL LIGHTHOUSE, NEAR AMHERSTBURG, ONTARIO, AFTER BEING RAMMED BY A FREIGHTER : The accident occurred in thick fog and the lighthouse-keeper, who was on the top by the beacon at the time, was thrown into the water by the impact.

THE MODERNISTIC LIVESTOCK-JUDGING PAVILION WHICH IS BEING BUILT ON THE STATE FAIR-GROUNDS AT RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA : This building, costing 1,300,000 dollars, is expected to be ready for the 1952 Fair in October, and will have permanent and temporary seating for 10,000 people. It will have an arena big enough for a standard horse show ring. There will be no beams or posts inside to obstruct the view of spectators. And there will be a light metal roof supported by cables suspended from two giant concrete arches that sweep downward into a perfect parabola.

On left—

THE END OF A 150-YEAR-OLD LIGHTHOUSE : The Bishop and Clerks lighthouse, on a reef four miles off the Cape Cod village of Hyannisport, is seen crashing into the sea after the explosion in its base of 200 lb. of dynamite. The lighthouse, which was 80 ft. high, had long been abandoned and had been dangerously weakened by two recent hurricanes. Coast guards believed it had become a menace to the fishermen who regularly visit the reef.

OPENING THE DUTCH PARLIAMENT

Queen Juliana Inaugurates a New Session of the States-General at The Hague

QUEEN JULIANA DELIVERS HER SPEECH FROM THE THRONE WITH THE PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS SEATED AT HER LEFT HAND: The Queen opened the new session of the States-General with a reference to the developing co-operation of the free nations. Her Government, she said, not only played its full part in the integration of Western Europe, but attached great importance to close co-operation between Holland, Belgium and Luxembourg within the Benelux framework. The Queen also referred at length to the new basis for relations between the Netherlands and Indonesia and a resumption of the discussions which were postponed last February.

Below—**LOOKING DOWN ON THE BINNENHOF AS QUEEN JULIANA ARRIVED TO OPEN THE STATES-GENERAL:** This picture, by K.L.M., Royal Dutch Airlines, shows the impressive scene as the Queen arrived in her golden carriage. When the Queen entered the Ridderzaal the band of the Royal Marines, which is seen drawn up near the canopied entrance, played the Dutch National Anthem.

A FLOCK OF BARNACLE GEESE ON MIGRATION : These attractive birds come from the marshes and river valleys of Arctic regions, visiting Britain in winter and usually arriving between October and mid-November. Their main haunts are the Hebrides and the Solway, where they occur in flocks sometimes numbering hundreds. Their plumage is of boldly contrasting black, white and grey.

THE MYSTERY OF BIRD MIGRATION

From the Earliest Times the Coming and Going of Various Birds with the Changing Seasons has Engaged the Interest and Challenged the Imagination of Thinking Men

By SETON GORDON

WITH DRAWINGS BY J. C. HARRISON, CHARTS BY LESLIE S. HAYWOOD AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC HOSKING

BIRDS are not the only living creatures which migrate, but their migration has stirred the imagination of mankind from earliest times. Each year we are learning a little more of the seasonal travels of birds, and the more we discover the more impressed we are at the vast distances they cover.

Why does a bird migrate ? The usual answer is, food. Yet this is only a partial reply, and there are birds which, it seems, travel for the mere joy of movement. As an example of this, take the great shearwater, a bird of the petrel family. As far as is known, the only nesting-place of this oceanic bird is Inaccessible Island, of the Tristan da Cunha group, in the Southern Hemisphere. From that far-distant, high island, beset almost continually by tempests, great shearwaters, their nesting season finished, fly northward. They cross the Equator, and during our summer, when the winter storms rage about their island in the Southern Hemisphere, they continue their northward flight until, during July and early August, they reach Greenland waters. It would seem that joy of travel sends the great shearwater on this far journey, but here again it follows the shoals of fish. It may be then said that even here food is partly the driving urge, yet the joy of travel is undoubted.

Take, too, the immense flights of the Arctic tern. We know that it nests in the north of Spitsbergen, where the sun in June and July is above the horizon for the whole of the twenty-four hours. Winter sets in early here ; the ocean freezes and the terns could not live so far north during the winter and early spring months. It might be supposed that the Arctic terns, when they flew south to escape the onset of snow and ice, would content themselves with reaching the warm water at the fringe of the tropics. The young gannets (which, curiously, wander farther than their elders) reach the West Coast of Africa, but never cross the Equator. The Arctic terns, on the other hand, continue their southward movement until they have reached South African waters. Here they are in the South African summer, and it might be thought that they would find the world a pleasant place, and would remain here until the northward urge was once more upon them. But some of the terns continue their flight toward the south until they have arrived at the edges of the great ice-barriers of the Antarctic. It is then Antarctic summer, and they are thus in a land of continuous sunshine. It cannot be food alone which is the urge that drives them almost from pole to pole. Yet not all Arctic terns continue their southward flight beyond South Africa and not all Arctic terns nest in the continuous sunshine of the Arctic. We in Britain have our summer population of nesting Arctic terns. It is possible that our terns migrate no farther than South Africa, but the Arctic terns of Spitsbergen, being used to nesting in continual daylight, migrate to the Antarctic. This interesting theory in time may be either substantiated or refuted by ringing experiments.

It may be argued that the two instances I have given of birds travelling vast distances apparently for the joy of travel are the exceptions, and that food is at the root of bird migration. That, I think, would be a true argument, yet it does not bring us very much nearer a solution of the mystery of migration. Although many species of birds are migrants, they have a great love for their home. The swallow which nests in an English barn after wintering in South Africa returns the following spring, twittering joyfully as the old home is reached after many perils and exciting experiences. Our swallows could remain and nest in South Africa, as other species of swallows do, but they prefer to return to the land of their birth, risking storms and the attacks of many enemies, because they would be happy nowhere but in their homeland. That is why it is cruel to keep caged any migratory bird.

We see swallows still on migration in Britain in mid-June, when the resident population of this species is already busy with family cares. This year, a swallow paid us a visit in the Isle of Skye in the Hebrides as late as July 2.

The bird was perched on our wireless aerial in the evening ; next morning it was gone. In Northern Norway, at the extreme northern limit of the swallow's range, where that late migrant was probably travelling, snow remains on the ground until June, and it is not until early July that insect life becomes abundant and the swallows arrive at their nesting-places. With us, the swallow rears two broods a season ; in the north of Norway there is time for only one brood before the onset of cold weather.

A FLOCK OF KNOT SHOWING ABOUT 1,500 BIRDS FROM A FLOCK OF 10,000 ON THE CHESHIRE DEE : These birds of the seashore are very gregarious and during migration enormous numbers of them may be seen. They occur in Britain as passage migrants and winter visitors, travelling from the north to the Mediterranean region and the Black Sea. The largest numbers reach Britain in the second half of August and September.

How do bird migrants find their way ? With no compass, no maps, the feathered travellers must rely entirely on themselves during their long flight. In the Northern Hemisphere it is the general rule that a bird nests at the most northerly part of its range. Their line of flight is thus, broadly speaking, north in spring and early summer and south in autumn and early winter. How does a bird know when it is steering north ? An incident which I witnessed in mid-May this year set me thinking. It was a fine, sunny day, unusually warm, and as I was walking over moorland ground near the shore of the Minch, a pair of swallows on their northward migration passed close to me, flying low. I noticed that their flight was not north, but west, and had they continued on that course they would have soon been over the Minch ; then, if they had continued to fly west, over the open Atlantic, with no land for hundreds of miles. But when the travellers reached

(*Continued on following page*)

THE DISTRIBUTION AND MIGRATORY MOVEMENTS OF THE LAPWING, OR PEEWIT: The artist shows the possible route taken by lapwings on their accidental flight in 1927, which is described in the accompanying article. This species illustrates the complexity of migratory movements. Some lapwings winter in this country, others are residents here and some occur as passage migrants. The chart, and others in this feature, is intended to show general trends of migratory movements and not to provide exact data for the ornithologist.

WHOOPER SWANS IN FLIGHT: Whoopers differ from t their noiseless flight, the different colour of their bills vocal powers, which are constantly used. The typical region. They occur in Britain mostly as winter visi

THE MYSTERY OF BIRD MIGRATION

(*Continued from previous page*)

the edge of the cliff I saw a strange and arresting thing happen. One of the swallows, in full flight, rose a little way into the air and made an almost complete circle. It was done so quickly that the human eye could scarcely follow the manœuvre, but the bird was quite obviously orientating itself. This done, the pair altered their line of flight and headed north-north-east, along the coast. The interesting point was that it was only when t sea had been reached that their course was changed.

Many bird species migrate by night, and their use of direction takes them over seas where, without a compass, a skilled human navigator would be lost. Yet their sense of direction is not entirely infallible; witness the plight of a great flight of lapwings which unwittingly crossed the Atlantic some years ago. Lapwings or green plover habitually migrate in autumn from north-east to south-west, although their migration range is normally not anything like so great as that of many other birds. It was a bitter night in late December. An easterly gale was blowing, and the lapwings, it is believed, set out from the South-West of Scotland, or from Cumberland, to cross to Ireland. They missed the land, and, carried by the gale, were soon far over the Atlantic. The normal wind-drift over the Atlantic is westerly, and this particular easterly gale was exceptional, and blew the whole way across the Atlantic. The lapwings were flying with a wind of 55 miles an hour to help them—flying in a direction foreign to them and towards a land where the species was previously unknown. The Air Ministry chart showed that the whole way across the Atlantic the wind speed averaged 55 miles an hour at a height of approximately 1,000 ft.

It will never be known how many lapwings set out on that great flight, but 1,000 were recorded at Bonavista, Newfoundland, by one observer, and smaller flocks appeared in other places at the same time. The speed of the lapwing in sustained flight is approximately 45 miles an hour. With a following wind of 55 miles an hour the Atlantic was crossed at a speed of 100 miles an hour, and the time taken for the 2,000-miles crossing was therefore approximately 24 hours. The birds had left the south-west coast of Scotland, or the neighbouring district of Cumberland, because the frozen ground had cut off their food supplies. They must therefore have been hungry when they started. Picture their state on arrival, after twenty-four hours continuous flight, without sleep, without food. When the lapwings arrived in Newfoundland they were reported to be very thin, very tame and very tired. For the first few days after their arrival the weather was open, and many of the birds recovered, but others died. At the end of December snow came, and the lapwings left, flying south-west. Severe weather cut off their food supplies, wherever they wandered, and it is doubtful if any of those lost wanderers survived the winter. How, the reader may ask, was it known that those were British lapwings? One of the birds, shot at Bonavista, Newfoundland, had on its leg a ring, bearing the number

THE PROBABLE AUTUMNAL MIGRATORY MOVEMENTS OF THE STARLING: It has been found that British starlings rarely leave our shores, migratory movements taking place within Great Britain southwards and westwards in the autumn, while visitors from Northern Europe arrive here at the same time. Other starlings winter around the Mediterranean, and some are even to be found at oases in the desert areas of North Africa.

THE THREE MIGRATORY ROUTES OF THE EUROPEAN WHITE STORK: With so conspicuous a bird as this movements are easier to record, and the data at present available are consequently more complete. Storks breeding in Europe are found to take two distinct routes to Central and South Africa and a third to India. It will be noticed that the routes avoid long sea-crossings and desert regions.

e common or mute swans of British rivers and lakes by which also lack the basal knob, and their strongly-developed race breeds in Northern Europe and the northern palæarctic ors, though a few pairs breed in certain parts of Scotland.

"British Birds No. X.5046." This ring was placed on a nestling lapwing in Cumberland the year before.

A less spectacular, but much longer flight, was performed in the late summer of 1951 by a Manx shearwater. The lapwings' transatlantic flight was an involuntary one; they were land birds; no food, nor rest was possible on the way. The Manx shearwater, being an oceanic bird, was in or over its environment during the whole of its passage. It was marked, as a nestling on the island of Skokholm (made celebrated by the writings of R. M. Lockley), in the Irish Sea, on September 10, 1951, presumably before it had left the nest. On November 20 the same year it was recovered off the coast at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil. This shearwater made history, since it is the first British-ringed bird ever recovered in South America. That great flight of approximately 4,000 miles, comparable in distance to a double Atlantic crossing, although in the present state of our knowledge a unique record, may open up further fields of investigation in the flights of oceanic birds. The feeding-grounds off the coast of that part of South America are said to be particularly prolific in small fish, and it is quite possible that British-bred Manx shearwaters habitually make that long journey after the nesting season. This would be a less remarkable flight than that habitually performed by the shearwaters of Skokholm, which have been proved by ringing experiments to fly habitually during their periods of "off-duty" all the way to the Bay of Biscay to feed on the sardines, which are their favourite food. The bird stuffs itself with sardines, flies back 600 miles across the sea, and is ready to brood the egg for two days while its mate, in its turn, visits those distant fishing-grounds.

I have mentioned that the usual autumn migration route for birds in the Northern Hemisphere is from north to south. There are exceptions, and the flight of the kittiwake is among the most interesting. After the nesting season, British kittiwakes gradually spread out westward into the Atlantic. By mid-October they are in mid-Atlantic waters, and meet kittiwakes from Newfoundland, which have flown out eastward. There the kittiwakes from the Old World and the New spend the winter months, often battling with tremendous gales, yet never approaching the land during all that time. Ringing has shown that at times a British-reared kittiwake will mate with a Newfoundland bird, and will, like emigrants of the human species, found a new home overseas. But, so far as I know, there is no record of a Newfoundland-bred kittiwake crossing to Britain to nest with a British bird.

Everyone knows that the cuckoo, the nightingale, swift and swallow are migrants, and are never seen in Britain in winter, but how many of us know that our stock of blackbirds in late October and early November is increased by hundreds of thousands of migrant blackbirds from overseas? These blackbirds cross the North Sea. They come from Scandinavia, from the Balkans, from Russia, and they are hurrying south-west to escape the frost and snow which has begun to seal their food supplies from them in those countries. With them come robins, and Norfolk hedges have been known to be literally red with robin red-breasts after an immigration of these small birds in autumn.

Summer bird-migrants to Britain are perhaps better known than winter migrants and passage migrants, but the arrival of the wild geese from the Arctic in October is an annual event in the calendar of bird-lovers, as is the arrival, about the same time, of the stately wild swans—the lordly whoopers—which have crossed stormy seas from their summer haunts in Iceland to winter in Britain. The recording of the winter doings of wild geese has greatly occupied the Severn Wildfowl Trust (of which Peter Scott is the presiding genius) during recent years. Barnacle geese from Greenland and Spitsbergen, pink-footed geese from Iceland, Brent geese from Novaya Zemlia—all these come to Britain to winter. It is not so long since the breeding-haunts of certain species

(*Concluded on following page*)

TRANS-CONTINENTAL MIGRATION ROUTES OF THE ARCTIC TERN: The Arctic tern is a summer resident and a passage migrant in Britain, breeding only in the Farne Islands, Northumberland, three groups of islands off Anglesey, and in Scotland on all coasts and islands to the north. Some of these birds bred on the eastern side of North America cross the Atlantic to Europe and Africa. Others make journeys of thousands of miles from the Arctic to the edge of the Antarctic ice-barrier. It is possible that the Arctic terns of this country go no farther than South Africa, and that those from farther north, accustomed to the continuous light of the Arctic in summer, find conditions in Antarctica more to their liking.

THE GREAT SKUA—PIRATE OF THE SEAS: This large sea-bird, inhabiting the North Atlantic, southern oceans and Antarctic seas, feeds on fish often obtained by forcing gulls, terns or gannets to disgorge. Skuas have been seen to seize the tails or wing-tips of gannets in flight, tilting them and forcing them down to the water and holding on until the victims drop or disgorge their food. Also remarkable is the skua's habit of bathing in pools of fresh-water, often lying on its back, with its feet in the air. The skua breeds in the Shetlands and Orkneys, the nest being a depression in heather, moss, or rough pasture. Elsewhere in the British Isles it is a winter visitor and a rare migrant.

A FLOCK OF KNOT ON MIGRATORY FLIGHT OVER THE SEA : During the passage season great flocks of knot appear in the distance to resemble a cloud of smoke, rising and falling and constantly changing in shape. The knot is a coastal wader, feeding on small crabs, molluscs and sand-hoppers.

THE ARCTIC TERN IN FLIGHT : This tern is a summer resident in Britain and possibly a passage migrant, a chart on page 465 showing the bird's great migratory flights from the Arctic to the Antarctic. The Arctic tern begins to leave its breeding-grounds far north in July.

THE GREAT NORTHERN DIVER, A WINTER VISITOR TO BRITAIN : These birds arrive here about mid-September from their breeding-grounds in the far north. During winter they are fairly generally distributed around our coasts, and in the Outer Hebrides and Shetlands they are present most of the year. The great northern diver is remarkable for the speed at which it can swim under water and the length of time it can remain submerged.

STARLINGS CONGREGATING AT DUSK DURING THE MIGRATION SEASON : London starlings make daily flights to the countryside for food, returning to the warmth of the city at dusk. Other British starlings migrate southwards and westwards within Britain—for instance, from Stirling to Cheshire and from Hampshire to Cornwall.

THE MYSTERY OF BIRD MIGRATION

(Concluded from previous page)

THE WHEATEARS' MIGRATION ROUTES TO EAST AFRICA : Most European wheatears appear to winter in the great grasslands of East Africa, and it is believed that some may end their journey in Arabia, though this is a question still in doubt.

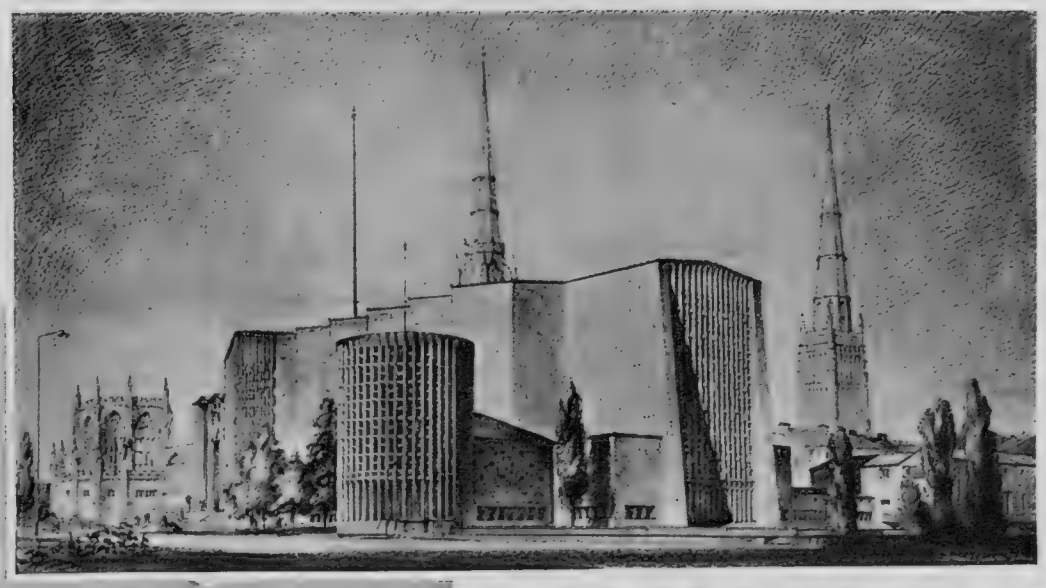
THE WAY OF THE SWALLOW—A PROVERBIAL EXAMPLE OF MIGRATORY FLIGHT : The swallow performs migrations over great distances, British and European swallows flying to S. Africa for the winter.

of these geese were discovered. It was indeed universally believed at one time that the barnacle goose began life as a barnacle, which dropped from the under-surface of the ocean-drifted plank on which it grew, took to itself wings, and growing miraculously in the ocean, finally appeared as a small goose of handsome plumage. Being half-fish, half-bird, it was permitted that the Faithful should eat this goose during Lent. When the north wind blows keen, and white-crested waves break on Hebridean shores, the wild geese are followed by the wild swans, birds of regal aspect, as they fly with stately measure, slowly and unhurriedly, yet at deceptive speed. As they fly, they call one to another—a deep, musical cry that has given them their name, whoopers or hoopers. In the Hebrides there is a Celtic tradition that these swans are princes and princesses of royal blood, imprisoned beneath spells. Thus when, during World War Two a certain family (who were not natives of the Isles) began to kill the swans, and to send them by steamer to the markets of the south, there was much surprise and dissatisfaction. Complaints were made to the police, and by them to the county council. It was then found that the whooper swan was not on the protected list. This defect was quickly remedied.

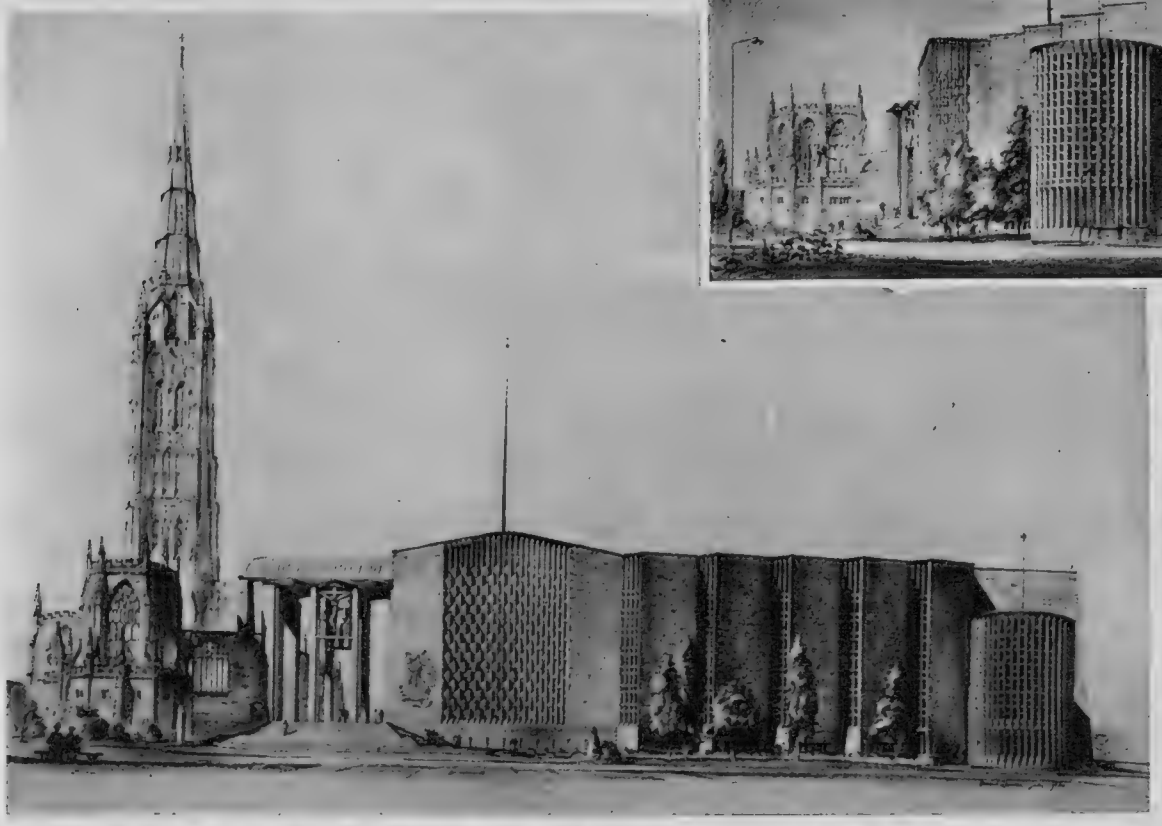
There is another bird migrant which reaches the coasts of Britain in autumn, from its summer haunt in Iceland, and that is the great northern diver, a handsome, black-necked bird as large as a goose. Fishermen will tell you that this bird is unable to fly, and, indeed, it is rare for it to be seen on the wing during its six months' stay in British waters. It spends its time swimming lazily on the surface of the sea, or diving without a ripple. But once beneath the surface, when it is pursuing its finny prey, the diver moves at tremendous speed, and since it is able to remain submerged for upwards of two minutes, it may reappear on the water's surface (often holding a fish in its bill) several hundred yards away from where it submerged. Yet this great diver exchanges for a brief space its ocean life for an aerial one as, early in May, it rises into the air and sets its course for Iceland, 700 miles north-west of the Scottish coast, with no intervening land.

COVENTRY CATHEDRAL, AN AMENDED DESIGN

MR. BASIL SPENCE MAKES SEVERAL MODIFICATIONS TO HIS ORIGINAL DESIGN, WITH A VIEW TO REMOVING CONTROVERSIAL ASPECTS



THE MODIFIED DESIGN OF COVENTRY CATHEDRAL: In this new design, Mr. Basil Spence, the architect, has modified the sharp angles of the main walls and he has made other amendments in order to obtain closer harmony with surrounding buildings.



HOW THE EXISTING TOWER AND THE RUINS OF COVENTRY CATHEDRAL WILL BE ALLIED TO THE NEW BUILDING DESIGNED BY MR. SPENCE AND NOW MODIFIED TO CREATE GREATER HARMONY: In the first design the walls of the new cathedral were to be of zigzag pattern, with all windows shining towards the high altar. Mr. Spence had made his modifications as a result of a visit to Italy, in which he inspected many churches.

THE SPACIOUS INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL OF UNITY OF THE CATHEDRAL: This chapel has been redesigned by the architect in the shape of a Crusader's tent.

EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR VIEWS OF THE REDESIGNED CATHEDRAL: *Left*—The junction of the old cathedral, a gutted ruin, and the new cathedral, showing the Chapel of Unity. This is the second occasion upon which Mr. Spence has amended his prize-winning design. *Right*—Looking towards the high altar.

It was announced on August 15, 1951, that the three assessors (Sir Percy Thomas, Mr. Edward Maufe and Mr. Howard Robertson) nominated by the Royal Institute of British Architects to judge the entries in the competition for a design for a new cathedral at Coventry had awarded the first prize of £2,000 to Mr. Basil Spence, of Edinburgh, for a design described as "of outstanding excellence." The second prize of £1,500 was awarded to Mr. W. P. Hunt, of Cambridge, and the third prize of £1,000 to Major A. D. Kirby, of Swindon, the assessors commending seven other designs, but characterising the general level of the 219 designs submitted as "disappointing."

In his winning design, Mr. Spence preserved intact the ruins of the bombed cathedral as a memorial garden, placing his new building at right-angles to the old, and linking the two by an open porch placed on the axis of St. Michael's Avenue, the approach from the centre of the city. The design provided for a simple aisled interior of rectangular shape, with the chancel the full width of the nave (allowing ample space for liturgical movement), interest being given to the nave by a "saw tooth" arrangement of the outer walls, lighted by narrow windows largely invisible to the congregation but shining towards the altar. It included an altar at the north end; a Lady Chapel in the traditional situation beyond the chancel; and the separation of the south end of the nave from the porch by a large glass screen which could be lowered into the floor in fine weather, thus throwing the whole cathedral open to the memorial garden. The star-shaped Chapel of Unity would be on the west side of the building, separated from the nave by an open metal screen. Structurally, the building would consist of a shell-concrete vault resting on tall steel and concrete columns, with walls of pinkish-grey sandstone. The cathedral would have a simple external form arising naturally from the ground plan and providing a striking foil to the fretted Gothic outline of the surviving cathedral tower and spire, which would be treated as an essential part of the whole. It was estimated that the proposed new cathedral would cost a little over £800,000.

Last January it was announced by the Cathedral Reconstruction Committee that the original plans had been modified to exclude the sliding glass screen dividing the porch from the nave. Now comes news of more important modifications to the scheme, a scheme which from the outset aroused criticism as well as praise. One critic at the time called it an æsthetic outrage; another likened it to a super-cinema, and a third called it "a press-button cathedral and an architectural freak."

Although there is no alteration in principle, the modifications have been made with a view to removing controversial aspects of the design. Mr. Spence declares that the changes result from a recent visit he paid to Italy, where he had been greatly impressed by the serenity and peace of the Italian churches, and felt that somehow this feeling must be translated into terms of Hollington stone, which will be used for the new cathedral. He thinks the amendments will result in closer harmony with the surrounding ancient buildings.

THE AREA IN WHICH OPERATION "MAINBRACE" HAS BEEN TAKING PLACE: This sketch-map shows how the main striking forces set out from the Clyde and Forth towards the Norwegian coast (1). After completing that phase of operations as far north as Narvik, the vessels sailed south (2) to protect Allied land forces (3), which had been sent against Jutland from British ports. Simultaneously, light forces from Denmark, Norway and Britain held exercises in the Kattegat and the Baltic (4) under the protection of submarines and coast defences.

TOP BRASS AT LONDON AIRPORT: Vice-Admiral Jerauld Wright, C.-in-C. U.S. Naval Forces, Eastern Atlantic and Mediterranean; Vice-Admiral Sir William G. Andrews, Deputy Commander, Atlantic; Admiral L. D. McCormick, Supreme Allied Commander, Atlantic, and Rear-Admiral Elkins, Assistant Chief of Naval Staff at the Admiralty. The occasion was Admiral McCormick's arrival to confer in London and to watch the progress of Exercise "Mainbrace" in Scandinavia.

DANISH SAILORS STAND TO AT DUSK AND WAIT FOR AN ATTACK: Anti-aircraft gunners aboard the destroyer *Willemoes* during "Mainbrace." The *Willemoes* formed part of the "Orange" attacking force. In bad weather the low-flying planes, using radar, swept in on the "Orange" fleet and wrought considerable havoc.

Geoffrey Willans, author and journalist, who has been aboard H.M.S. "Eagle," Britain's latest aircraft-carrier, during Exercise "Mainbrace," sends the following description of the battle in northern waters to THE SPHERE, *his commentary having been sent by radio from "Eagle" to Portishead, and so to the Central Telegraph Office in London.*

Exercise "Mainbrace" has been the largest naval exercise to take place in North European waters since the end of the war. It began officially on September 13 with the departure of British and American fleets assembled in the Clyde and Forth. These forces then headed towards the northern coast of Norway to carry out different phases of the exercise, which presumed that an attack on Norway and Denmark had begun thirty days previously by a Power identified by the colour orange.

Even to people with short memories, the idea of the attack on Norway recalls the events of 1940 and the first dramatic appearance of German ships before the silent forts of Oslo Fiord, hastily improvised assistance by Britain and the domination of naval operations by the Luftwaffe. Twelve years later the theory, at any rate of "Mainbrace," has presented a very different situation.

The differences are many. Firstly, this is a N.A.T.O. exercise, in which some of the total of 160 ships taking part have already had experience of working together. In addition, Admiral Sir Patrick Brind, R.N., Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Naval Forces, Northern Europe, who is directing the exercise, had previously conceived the structure of the command. The most important new factor was the great strength presented by the combined aircraft-carriers of the United States Atlantic Fleet and the Home Fleet, providing air cover which was totally lacking in 1940. Past history apart, "Mainbrace" has been an exercise designed to cram, "like plums in a pudding," the maximum amount of incident into a period of thirteen days.

As a background, it was imagined that the "Orange" enemy Power held North Norway, and was also attacking Danish positions in the Kiel Canal zone with ground forces. The main role of the naval forces was to provide support for the troops ashore and protection for convoys and amphibious forces proceeding across the North Sea. In carrying out this task the main naval forces would meet attacks from the air, from submarines and from surface raiders. In addition, the ships would also need to refuel at sea and to be ready to give support by bombardment.

The means devised in 1952 were in striking contrast with those applied to the exigencies of 1940. In overall command of the naval forces was Admiral Sir George Creasy, Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet, from shore-based headquarters at Pitreavie, Scotland. The striking fleet at sea was under the command of the American Admiral Felix Stump, on board the *Wisconsin*.

When it left the Clyde, the main force, which headed for Norway, was divided into four groups. Ahead was a logistic support group in company with the hunter-killer group, comprising an American carrier and seven destroyers. Two hundred miles astern in the early stages were two carrier striking groups. The first, mainly British, comprised the *Eagle*, the *Vanguard*, the *Illustrious*, the cruiser *Swiftsure*, the American carrier *Wright* and twelve destroyers. The second, mainly American, was made up of three large carriers, the *Midway*, the *Wasp* and the *Franklin D. Roosevelt*, the battleship *Wisconsin*, three cruisers and twenty destroyers. These forces set a course in the direction of the Lofoten Islands and Bodo, where most assistance to friendly ground forces by air strikes and bombardment was to be given.

Weighing anchor by the British group was without signal in pre-arranged time and in perfect order. One looked for the Norwegian, French, Belgian and Danish ships on leaving the Clyde, but few of these were in the main forces, the striking fleet of which was overwhelmingly British and American.

The traditional rivalry between the Royal Navy and the American Navy is well known, and it was interesting, above all, to see how smoothly the two worked together. To see an American carrier taking her place in the striking group, keeping station and behaving immaculately, seemed quite natural. It took a little time to appreciate the extent to which the two navies have now learned to work together.

Perhaps the most striking feature of "Mainbrace" was the extent to which the tradition-bound Royal Navy has become Americanised. Since the last war Royal Navy ships have adopted new small features, from ice-cream for ratings and protective screens for look-outs to the adoption of flight-deck operation based largely on American methods. Americans are frequently the best in carrier operation in particular. They can fly off quicker, their planes can fold their wings more economically and their pilots do night-flying from carriers.

From Bodo and the Lofoten Islands Admiral Stump's forces worked south to protect convoys crossing the North Sea. They also supported amphibious landings in Jutland, while light forces operated under Danish command in the Kattegat. The Commander-in-Chief of the Home Fleet gave the basic object of "Mainbrace" as "to teach our forces of N.A.T.O. to work together" with the idea of evolving a single, common naval doctrine. Has "Mainbrace" answered the practical questions whether large naval forces could operate in face of air attack from Europe, and to what extent fast submarines could threaten operations in European waters? When coloured pins are removed from the charts, log-books and photographs are compared and assessments of "sinkings" completed, perhaps these questions will be answered. "Mainbrace" was the most realistic exercise since the war, but its most lasting value will be the further experience it has given of close co-operation between navies.

BRITISH AND DANISH FRIGATES OF THE "ORANGE" INVADING FORCE HEADING FOR THE BALTIC: H.M.S. *Tralaig*, H.M.S. *Loch Veyatie* and the Danish frigate *Thetis* seen together during Exercise "Mainbrace," which has proved such a wonderful test of co-operation between the various fleets of the North Atlantic Treaty nations.

AFLOAT WITH THE N.A.T.O. NAVY

Exercise "Mainbrace" Described for "The Sphere" from H.M.S. "Eagle"

By GEOFFREY WILLANS

ONE OF THE FLEETS FORGATHERS IN THE FORTH BEFORE THE START OF THE EXERCISE, THE MOST IMPORTANT HELD IN NORTHERN EUROPEAN WATERS SINCE THE END OF THE WAR: Before sailing eastwards the vessels took up position to the east and west of the Forth Bridge.

COMMANDER WOLFHAGEN LOOKS OUT FROM THE BRIDGE OF THE DANISH DESTROYER "WILLEMOES": His vessel was heading for the Baltic with other units of the "Orange" force. *On left*—Ammunition being hauled up to the anti-aircraft gun emplacement aboard the *Willemoes*.

THE PARTRIDGE FOLLOWS THE PLOUGH

A Game-bird that is Much Dependent Upon Good Farming Practice; its Numbers Well Sustained in 1952, Despite all the Factors Against it

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

WHEN I was a boy the shooting season began about the middle of July. Not officially, of course, and perhaps nowhere but in our family, and no shots were fired, for we were, on the whole, a law-abiding household. But about the middle of July preparations commenced. I can now remember little about them; only the hat, in fact. About the middle of July my father would produce the hat. It was a tweed hat, and memory suggests that it ought to have been dug in for the potatoes many years before. When the hat appeared we knew that August 12 was not far distant and that father would be going to Yorkshire.

The opening of the shooting season on August 12 did not affect me personally, beyond the fact that father would be away for some time and there would be an opportunity to do quite a lot of things that I would not dare to do at any other time. And, of course, even in the halcyon days, the opening of the grouse season actually affected very few people. Even in the great days, before the First World War, grouse shooting was the pursuit of the rich, and those few who, like my father, had some rich friends. To-day it is the sport of the very rich and their friends. It costs a great deal of money to shoot a grouse these days.

For the vast majority of shooting-men the season began then, and begins now, on September 1. And the bird is the partridge. No game-bird is more familiar to country folk generally, and since it is a bird that does not demand very expensive forms of protection, it is the bird, above all others, which provides sport for the man of limited means.

The partridge, a true wild bird, is to be found pretty well all over Great Britain and Ireland, though it is local in Scotland and has never been plentiful in Ireland. The red grouse, though confined to moorland, is also a true wild bird, and it, too, does not really require any very expensive forms of protection. What is so expensive about a grouse shoot is the organisation required. Once it was discovered that the red grouse provided a rich source of revenue for the moor-owner, all sorts of steps were taken to "boost" the supply. Armies of keepers were employed, vermin were destroyed in a most wholesale manner, and the birds were given protection that amounted almost to nursing. In the ordinary course of nature wild-bird populations fluctuate considerably from year to year—peak populations are said to be attained every seven years—but with the red grouse this was not allowed to happen. Moors became very heavily over-stocked, and a quite artificial population was maintained. The result was disastrous. Weak and diseased birds were allowed to breed, and disease spread. The numbers declined catastrophically. There were moors, there were great stretches of Scotland, once rich in grouse, where for some years never a grouse was seen. Now the grouse are returning; but the money is not. The grouse problem to-day is not one of numbers: it is simply one of money.

But partridge shooting is also in decline, and it is not nearly so easy to understand why this should be so. As a wild bird the partridge is naturally subject to fluctuations in numbers. There are good years and bad years, with a few moderate years in-between. One expects that. All the same, there cannot be the slightest doubt that there used to be more partridges in, for instance, the South of England and East Anglia than there are now.

The record bag of partridges in Great Britain was shot on one beat of the Holkham estate, in Norfolk, on November 7, 1905. On that day 1,671 partridges were killed by eight guns in twenty drives. In that week, on four consecutive days, 4,749 partridges were shot by the same eight guns on the Holkham estate. On the Grange estate, in Hampshire, on four consecutive October days in 1887, 4,109 partridges were shot by seven guns, the best day bringing 1,344 birds. In that one season at the Grange, 9,117 partridges were shot, and these were purely wild birds. Ten years later, on three days in November, 3,533 partridges were shot by six guns on the same estate.

The decline seems to have started in Hampshire about the turn of the century and in Norfolk about seven years later. Of course, bags of 1,000 partridges in a day were never common, but there are a number of such records for both Hampshire and Norfolk in the closing years of the last century. The year 1905 must have been a bumper one for partridges in Norfolk, for, in addition to the record bag already mentioned, 1,017 were shot in one day at Pickenham, and 1,342 in one day at Sandringham, and, like the record bag, these were also shot in November. There was not another bag of 1,000 partridges in a day in Norfolk until 1924, when 1,010 were shot at Hockwold, and there has not been one since then. In Hampshire the decline seems to have started in 1897, for there was not another bag of 1,000 in a day until 1908, when 1,066 were shot at Stratton Park, and from 1908 you have to jump to 1929, when 1,087 were shot in a single October day at Laverstoke. There has not been another 1,000-bag in a day in Hampshire since then.

Now, I am not one of those who set much store by records. I have never taken part in a shoot where big bags have been recorded, and I have never had any ambition that way. I do not like mass killing. I can see no sport in it. I think that it must become very boring to shoot so many partridges in a day. But these record bags are valuable in their way. You cannot shoot over 1,000 partridges in a day if the birds are not there. There must have been an enormous number of partridges in Hampshire in 1887. They certainly are not there to-day. How is one to account for the very considerable decrease in numbers?

It is true, of course, that in 1887 the big manors of Hampshire were well-keepered. But it should be remembered that Lord Ashburton, the owner of The Grange, stressed that the partridges that made up that huge total were purely wild birds. This does not mean that his keepers did not do a good deal to protect them. The Grange was the best-keepered estate in England, and Marlow, the head-keeper, was something of a genius. What Lord Ashburton meant was that not a single bird was hand-reared. Marlow never in all the years of his head-keepership hand-reared a partridge. What he did do was to map safe and unsafe nests, and he would transfer eggs from the unsafe areas to the safe ones. It is not a very big step from that to the Euston System. Briefly stated, this system is to substitute dummy eggs for the real ones in the partridge nests for the period of sitting. What happens is this. Round about the first week of May the keeper begins to search for nests. He marks every nest he finds on a large-scale map, gives it a number and notes the date it was found. Every nest is visited every day, and when there are half-a-dozen eggs in a nest he takes them away, puts in six dummies, notes the fact and the date in his book, and places the real eggs under a hen. As each additional egg is laid it is taken away and a dummy substituted. This goes on until ten eggs have been taken and ten dummies given. Then he gives no more dummies, but continues to take the eggs, which in groups of about a score or so he places under hens.

In this way the keeper gets batch after batch of eggs due to chip one after another. He knows from his records which bird began to lay first and which first sat on dummies, and so he knows the order of birds to which the eggs as they chip should be given. It is a simple enough system.

Of course, it involves an enormous amount of work and time and trouble. No single-handed keeper can possibly undertake the Euston System. But up until at least 1931, and in many cases up to the outbreak of war in 1939, the great partridge manors of England were well-keepered, and none of the big shoots were under-staffed. On the face of it, there should not have been any big or steady decrease in partridge numbers.

It used to be said that "good farming and partridges go together." I do not think that there can be any doubt at all that the health of the partridge, to a much greater extent than that of any other game-bird, is bound up with agricultural conditions. Broadly speaking—and I know full well that all general rules have their exceptions—it can be said that the more highly cultivated the land, the better the partridges. "The partridge follows the plough," says the old saw.

In the great days of The Grange and Holkham, in the days when Hampshire and Norfolk abounded in partridges, both counties carried a great head of sheep. Flocks of ewes were folded on roots and the land was corn-cropped the following spring, and food for partridges was abundant. England to-day is pretty highly farmed, and there is an immense acreage of arable, so the partridge should benefit. It has not done so. One of the reasons, I am convinced, is the change in farming practice. Before farming became mechanised, reaping was done by hand, and a large number of ears of corn were left on the ground, no matter how careful the reaper was. And an even greater quantity of grain was shed. The first reaping machines were pretty careless, too, and they still missed a good deal. Undoubtedly they made life harder for the partridge, but there was still food on the stubbles. But the modern machines, which do everything, leave practically nothing behind. Moreover, the stubbles are now often ploughed in immediately after harvest.

Again, modern farming practice does not like hedges. Many hedges have been cut down, many of the inner hedges have been grubbed up altogether. Where this has happened it has meant that the partridges have been deprived of shelter and also of nesting sites. Nowadays there are not the keepers to operate the Euston System—and this means that many more eggs are destroyed, and the sitting bird falls an easier victim to the fox. Furthermore, there has been a huge increase in the numbers of foxes. One further point has to be borne in mind—the large-scale use of chemicals in modern farming practice, artificial fertilisers and insecticides. Young partridges certainly eat a great many insects; adult partridges not so many. It is said that artificial fertilisers do not harm the insect life in the soil and do not poison adult birds. There is some conflict of opinion about this, I think. But certainly it has never been denied that insecticides kill insects, and that being so, bird life must suffer.

It is not difficult to understand why to-day there should not be as many partridges as formerly. But it is very difficult indeed to explain the decrease in numbers that occurred in good partridge country from about 1908 onwards. There was then plenty of money, plenty of keepers, farming practice had not altered all that much: but there were not so many birds.

Last year was not a good partridge year even by modern standards. Gapes, a serious partridge disease, took a very heavy toll just before the season opened. This year seems to be well above the average, at least in North Hampshire, which is the district I know best. There is an old saying that no summer can be too hot or too dry for partridges. This summer in North Hampshire has been, on the whole, very hot and dry. But, in fact, the saying needs some explanation. The summer of 1921 was very dry and, for spells, very very hot. It was one of the worst years on record for partridges. But in that year practically no rain fell after the end of January until the autumn. The fact is that while it is true that no summer can be too hot or too dry for partridges, that summer must follow a wet spring. That is what happened this year.

Walking in North Hampshire along the old lanes through the huge arable fields, I have this summer been struck again and again by the number and the strength of the coveys. They do not approach the numbers I remember as a boy, but there are certainly more partridges this year than for many years.

Of one thing I am certain, partridge shooting in September is now much more fun than it used to be. Now, you have to walk the birds up. It makes for difficult shooting and small bags. The former is a challenge and the latter all the sweeter for the getting. And what compensations there are! The time to linger and savour haystacks grey in the sun, the sky-blue of succory and the high yellow mullein; the insolence of cock pheasants, who seem to know quite well that their turn is not yet. Partridges are not at their best, of course, until November. It is then that they fly at their best and swerve so strongly. But now there is all the countryside to be savoured from the moment you open the gate on to the arable. And the fewer birds make it all the greater test of skill for man and dog.

THE FIRST EGG IS HATCHED: The camera looks into the partridge's nest at a critical moment just as the first bird leaves its egg.

Pictures by Eric Hosking

On right—

ALL THE NEWCOMERS HAVE MADE THEIR BOW: A nest of broken egg-shells after the emergence of several young partridges.

THE "CHITRAL," THE "STRATHNAVER," THE "STRATHAIRD" AND THE "HIMALAYA" IN TILBURY DOCKS AT THE SAME TIME: Four big P. & O. liners at their berths, the four representing 90,000 tons of shipping. All four vessels operate on the Australia run, and the *Chitral* (seen in foreground) takes emigrants to that country. Despite their simultaneous arrival the ships presented no problem for the dock labour force, which is well adapted to meet rush conditions.

THE BIG FOUR IN TILBURY DOCKS: This picture was taken looking westward across the dock area to the lock gates giving access to the Thames. In the foreground is the *Himalaya*, the largest of the four ships. Her gross tonnage is 27,855.

TILBURY HAS A FULL HOUSE

Four P. & O. Liners Enter the Docks and are Berthed Together, Representing in all 90,000 Tons of Shipping

Exactly twenty-three years ago THE SPHERE hailed the opening of the new dock at Tilbury, when the Orient liner *Oronsay* steamed through the lock and Lady Ritchie performed the opening ceremony. Pictures were given of the new ocean quay, allowing the largest liners afloat to come alongside at any state of the tide. It was a momentous occasion, because it meant that the London River became overnight a port for ocean-going liners of the first magnitude. No rival to Southampton perhaps, but a vital gateway, none the less, for British merchant shipping.

In these splendidly equipped docks, which cost more than £2,500,000 sterling, Peninsular & Oriental, Orient, Royal Mail, Harrison and Clan Line steamers regularly forgather, and as these pictures show, there was a full house recently when four P. & O. liners were in dock at the same time. The Tilbury system consists of a main dock with three branch docks, with a lock entrance 1,000 ft. long and another 695 ft. long, approached through a tidal basin. The largest dry dock in the port is 752 ft. by 110 ft. In the river near the docks are a double-deck cargo jetty 1,000 ft. long, which was built in 1921, and the passenger landing-stage, which was completed in 1930. This landing stage is 1,142 ft. long.

SEPTEMBER EVENTS IN BRITAIN

The Launching of the "World Enterprise"; Pilot-Officer Bird Gets Her "Wings"; the Dickens Fellowship Banquet; Athletics at the White City; International Cotton Talks in London; a Machine Tool Exhibition at Olympia; and Other Home News in Pictures

THE LAUNCH OF THE "WORLD ENTERPRISE," BELIEVED TO BE THE LARGEST OIL TANKER IN THE WORLD: The launching ceremony took place at the naval yard at High Walker-on-Tyne of Vickers-Armstrongs Limited, and the ceremony was performed by Lady Micklem, widow of Sir Robert Micklem, former chairman of Vickers-Armstrongs. The *World Enterprise*, of 32,500 tons dead-weight, is 663 ft. long and has a beam of 86 ft. She will be powered by double reduction turbines driving a single screw and will have a speed of over 16 knots. The vessel is being built for the World Tankers Corporation.

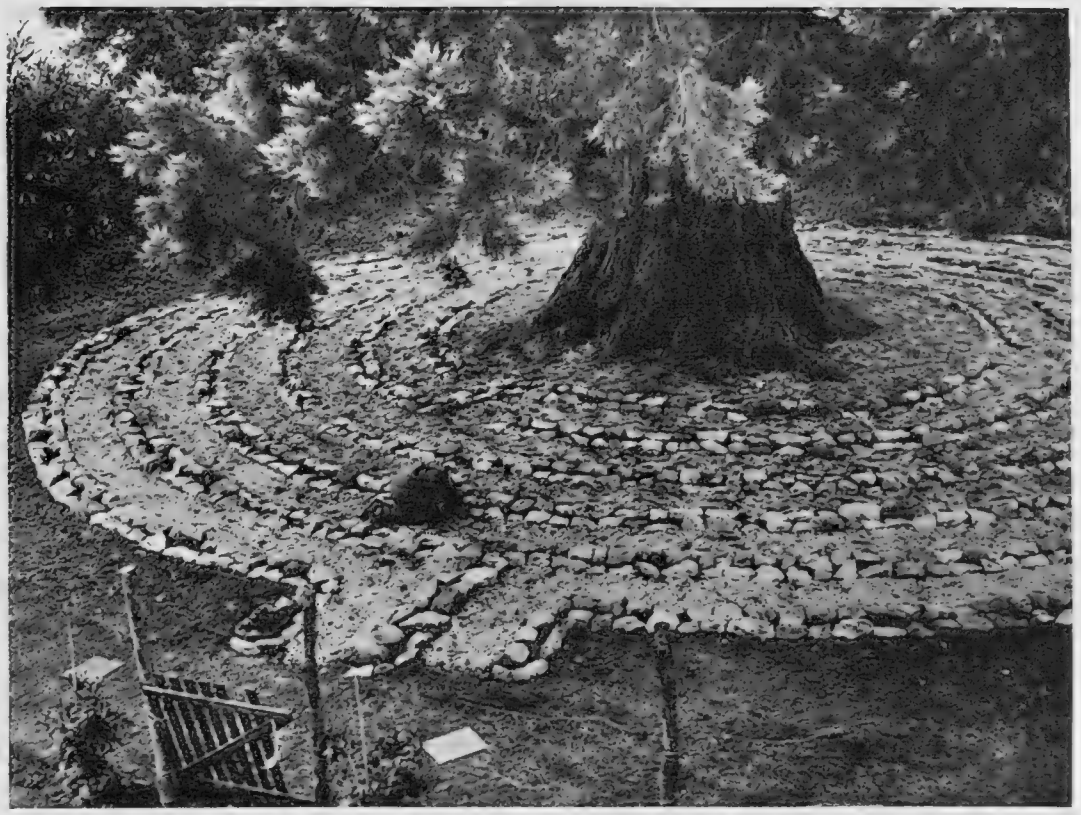
THE FIRST WOMAN TO BE AWARDED R.A.F. "WINGS": Pilot-Officer Jean Lennox Bird became the first woman to receive R.A.F. "wings" during a ceremony at Redhill Aerodrome, Surrey, last Saturday. She qualified for them under a recent Air Council decision that women members of the R.A.F. Volunteer Reserve, Flying Branch, may now be awarded the coveted badge. Pilot-Officer Bird, who works as a commercial pilot at Redhill, is described as one of the most experienced pilots in the country. She has 3,000 flying hours to her credit and has flown aircraft of ninety different types.

VICE-ADMIRAL EDWARD M. C. ABEL SMITH, WHO HAS BEEN APPOINTED FLAG OFFICER, ROYAL YACHTS: The Admiral will be in charge of the Royal Yacht and its escort of warships, which are also termed "yachts" on such occasions, should the Queen make a cruise.

SIR COMPTON MACKENZIE (LEFT) AT THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP JUBILEE BANQUET IN LONDON: The author is seen with two of Dickens' descendants, Mrs. Alec Waley, a granddaughter, and Mr. R. C. Schuckburgh, a great-grandson. The banquet, which was held at the Dorchester Hotel, was attended by distinguished men of letters and Dickensians from all over the world. Sir Gerald Barry, Mr. Justice Cassels and Sir Alan Herbert were present.

THE MIDGET CHAPEL OF LEE (LEWISHAM) HIGH ROAD, WHICH THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL HAS DECIDED TO PRESERVE: Lewisham Council intended the chapel to come within an eight-acre slum clearance scheme, but their decision to pull it down was overruled by L.C.C. authorities, who have listed it as a building of historic interest. Supposed to be the work of Wren, the chapel has twice been scheduled for destruction. With its almshouses it was built 269 years ago on land given by Christopher Boone, a City merchant. When the homes were pulled down in 1875, the trustees wanted to do away with the chapel as well, but the outcry from local people brought a Government order for it to be preserved.

ONE OF THE FEW SURVIVING WINDMILLS ON THE FRINGE OF LONDON : This is the Shirley Windmill, near Croydon, Surrey. The mill is the property of the Croydon Corporation, who are proposing to erect a grammar school upon the grounds surrounding it. It is the intention of the Corporation to preserve the windmill and put it to some use for the school, providing a forthcoming survey of the mill finds that the building is sufficiently sound. Shirley windmill is a five-storied tower mill, built about 1860. After falling into disuse, it was neglected for many years until a new owner renovated the mill and provided it with a new set of sails and a fantail. Shortly afterwards, in 1935, one of the sails was blown down during a heavy gale, but it was later replaced.



A MAZE UNDER CONSTRUCTION IN A RECTORY GARDEN : The Rev. H. S. Cheales, Rector of Wyck Rissington, Gloucestershire, is constructing this small maze in his garden, which his young daughter "Plover" is seen examining. The paths are divided by stones between which a quick-growing hedge is to be planted. The rector considers that a maze is symbolic of the journey through life, as the path which looks easy often proves to be wrong. The maze has a quarter-of-a-mile of paths.

THE BRITISH WOMEN ATHLETES WHO SET UP NEW WORLD RECORDS DURING LAST WEEK'S FLOODLIT ATHLETICS AT THE WHITE CITY : Second from the left is Valerie Ball, of the Spartan Ladies' Club, who set up a new world time for the women's 880 yards of 2 mins. 14.5 secs. On the extreme left is Enid Harding, who came second at 2 mins. 15.3 secs., also beating the previous world record. They are being congratulated by (from left to right) O. Monguillon, G. Goullieux and P. Cavelot, three of their French competitors. Miss Ball's time was 1.1 sec. faster than that of Miss A. Larsson of Sweden, confirming the impression that had there been an 880 yards at Helsinki Miss Ball might well have brought back a Gold Medal for Britain.

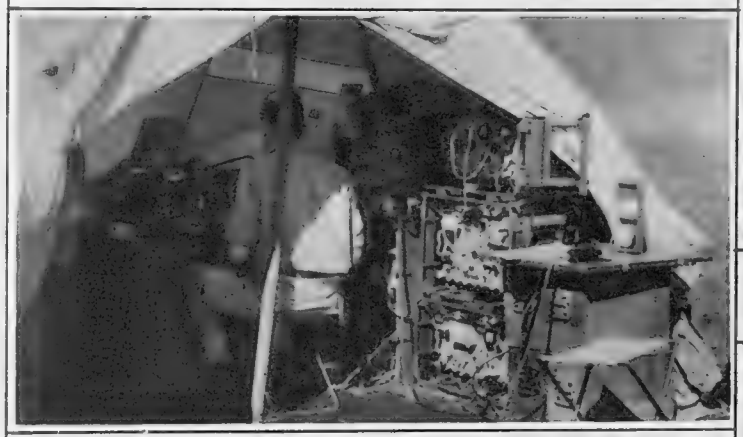
ATHLETICS BY FLOODLIGHT AT THE WHITE CITY, LONDON : In spite of the cold, damp weather more than 20,000 people turned up to see London beat Paris and Brussels in an inter-cities match sponsored by a London newspaper. A technical hitch in the electricity supply cut the floodlighting down by half.

MEMBERS OF THE JAPANESE DELEGATION TO THE INTERNATIONAL TALKS ON COTTON WHICH OPENED IN LONDON LAST WEEK : Fourth from the left in the front row is Mr. Kojiro Abe, the head of the Japanese delegation. He said that his country would spare no efforts in co-operating fully for the attainment of the fundamental meaning of the conference, which had as its object the realisation of the live-and-let-live principle based on international harmony. For Japan to maintain her independence, and to carry out her responsibilities as a member of the world's free nations, she must achieve stability and autonomy in her economy, but that was dependent on the expansion of her foreign trade.

A VIEW OF THE INTERNATIONAL MACHINE TOOL EXHIBITION WHICH OPENED AT OLYMPIA IN LONDON LAST WEEK : The exhibition, organised by the Machine Tool Trades Association of Britain, is the greatest display of machine tool and allied products ever gathered under one roof. Manufacturers and technicians from all over the world have contributed exhibits or have come to seek advice on their technical problems from the leading tool production engineers and experts at the show. Apart from machine tools, the exhibition includes measuring and testing equipment, engineers' small tools, presses, power hammers, and woodworking machinery. The exhibition closes on October 4.

SCHOOLBOY EXPLORERS IN ICELAND

The 1952 Expedition of the British Schools Exploring Society, which is Now Back in this Country



THE WIRELESS TENT AT THE BASE CAMP OF THE BRITISH SCHOOLBOYS' EXPEDITION IN ICELAND: Sixty-five boys, belonging to the British Schools Exploring Society, arrived at Leith last week, fit and well after a seven-week stay in Iceland, where they carried out twenty-seven exploratory marches over difficult country. Captain J. A. Taplin, R.M., who was the leader of the expedition, said that twelve boys who were selected for their stamina covered 140 miles in a march lasting two weeks and had thoroughly enjoyed the experience. During this march they crossed many rivers, stretches of lava-filled desert and mountainous country. The surveyors in the party completed a map of about 100 sq. miles, and they brought back with them many specimens of plants for the British Museum and also films and other records of zoological interest.

TWO MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH SCHOOLBOYS' EXPEDITION SURVEY THE BARREN WASTES OF ICELAND: The boys made exploratory marches over the roughest country, kept meteorological and zoological records, and brought back botanical specimens for the British Museum.

A PARTY OF BRITISH SCHOOLBOYS ON THE MARCH DURING THEIR EXPEDITION IN ICELAND: This picture gives an idea of the type of country the boys encountered during their long, arduous marches.

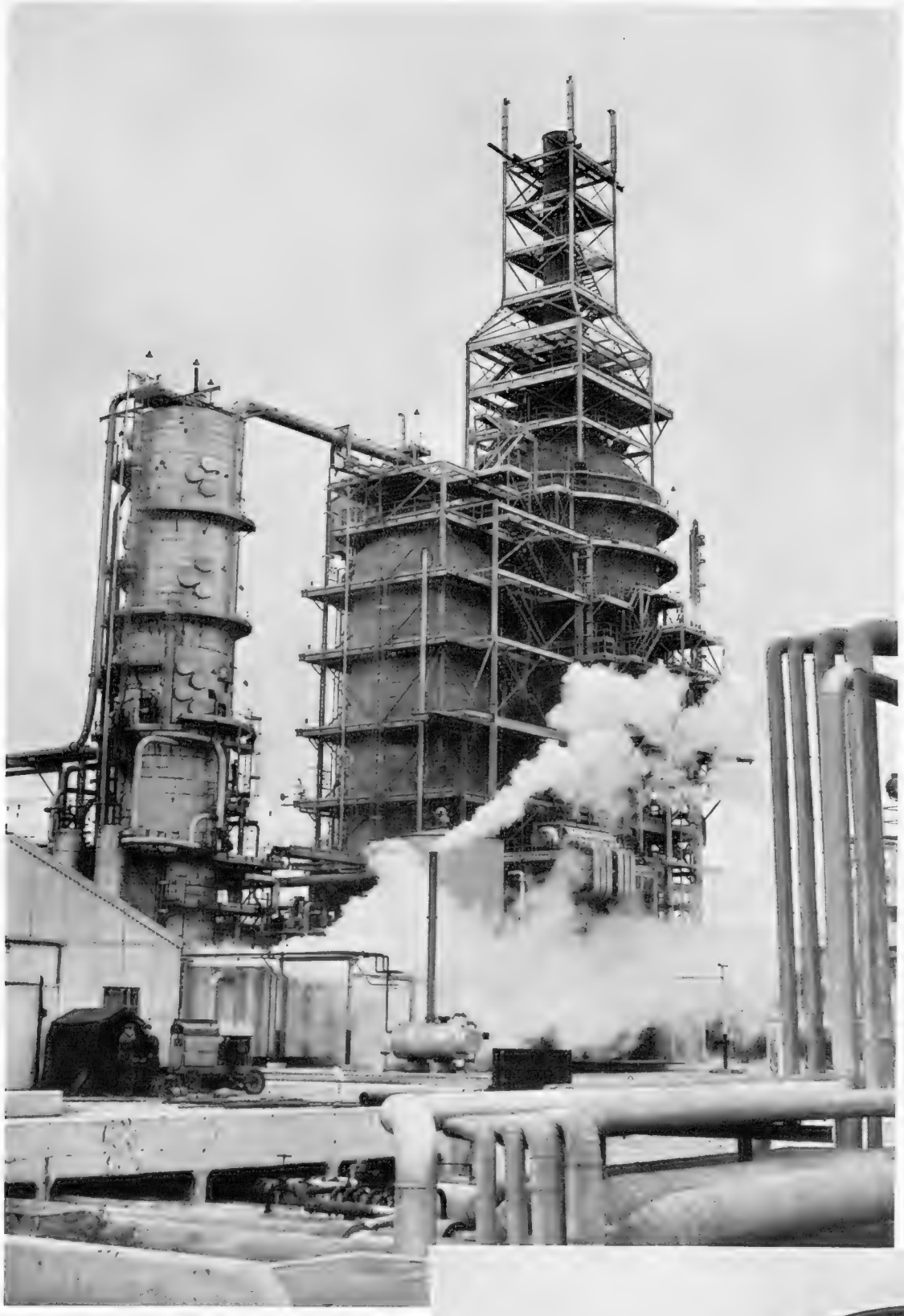
FIVE OF THE SCHOOLBOYS EXAMINING A HOT SPRING: Iceland abounds with hot springs of this kind, many of them eruptive. The mountain plateau of the interior is strewn with glaciers, lava-fields and volcanoes.

MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION CROSSING A GREAT GLACIER: There are many such glaciers on the Icelandic plateau, which rises to 2,700 ft. above sea-level. Barely a quarter of Iceland is habitable.

CONTRASTS IN ICELANDIC SCENERY: *Above*—One of the boys relaxing among the flowers beside a warm stream. *On right*—Digging a pit in a glacier to make measurements of the effect on rock of ice movements. The sun was warm enough for the boys to discard their shirts.

THE "CAT-CRACKER" POSES A PROBLEM

A MIGHTY NEW PLANT AT STANLOW TO MEET BRITAIN'S NEED FOR FIRST-QUALITY PETROL AFTER A PROLONGED ERA OF POOL PETROL



THE FLUID CATALYTIC CRACKING PLANT IN ACTION AT STANLOW, CHESHIRE : This unit has cost between £8,000,000 and £9,000,000 and forms the basis of the plan to give the consumer the quality of motor spirit necessary to meet modern requirements. The Government, however, has not yet agreed to this and other plants fulfilling their true function of producing the highest grade of spirit for the motorist, the high-octane gasoline at present produced being blended with low-grade gasoline from other plants in the refineries to produce standard Pool Petrol. Shell-Mex and B.P. are among those who are urging a reconsideration of the Government's decision in this vital matter.

For some time past there has been much speculation about the reintroduction of branded petrol in this country. The oil industry is all ready for such a step, as witness the large-scale expansion of its refining facilities in Britain since the war and the setting up of new catalytic cracking plants. Six "cat-crackers" have been built in this country and the latest of them is at Stanlow, where Shell have built their magnificent new refinery.

The principal product of the "cat-cracker" is high-quality petrol, but in addition there are obtained quantities of such gases as propylene and butylene, essential base materials for Britain's new petroleum chemicals industry.

As the programme of building the "cat-crackers" neared completion the companies concerned were naturally anxious to know what the Government was going to do about permitting the marketing of a premier grade of petrol. An application made last December by two of the leading companies was rejected, and so "cat-crackers" are still having to be operated in this country in an uneconomic way. The Government has considered that the "cat-crackers" could be converted into simple distillation units, but this is clearly a retrograde step, and it is little wonder that the major companies do not entertain the idea very seriously. What they feel is that the time has now come when the British motorist should be able to obtain the high-quality petrol for which he is clamouring.

STANLOW'S "CAT-CRACKER" TOWERING ABOVE THE GREAT CHESHIRE REFINING PLANT : Catalytic cracking is the process used in Britain's modern refineries in order to produce first-quality gasoline (petrol) with the aid of a catalyst, a substance which accelerates the reaction without itself suffering any chemical change.

LIQUID GAS BALL STORAGE TANKS AT THE STANLOW REFINERY OF SHELL : The completion of the Stanlow plant in Cheshire marks the final stage of the Shell Group's £30,000,000 refinery expansion programme, and, as a result of the expansion, Shell-Mex and B.P. now handle an annual output of 9,000,000 tons of important petroleum products.

TROUBLE-MAKERS
ON STAGE AND SCREEN

George Bellak's Commentary on American Life; "Hanging Judge"; and the Toulouse-Lautrec Film

A DRUNKEN QUARTETTE BEFORE IT REACHED THE BELLICOSE STAGE: The four murderous students in George Bellak's play *The Trouble-Makers*, which had a great London reception when presented at the Strand Theatre. On the left is Gene Lyons, who plays the part of Stanley Carr, the student who witnesses the killing of Torin (Warren Stanhope; right). Carr's remorse at not having taken more effective action in frustrating the murderers speeds the play towards its considerable climax.

George Bellak's play *The Trouble-Makers*, a drama of undergraduate violence in an American University, is a remarkable piece of work, its dramatic drive continuing through three acts as the author unfolds the spectacle of student intolerance in an American university. The basis of the play is the murder of an undergraduate whose contributions to the college magazine are widely held to be subversive. His assailants are four drunken fellow-students, who do not like his opinions, and who, with all control gone, beat and kick him to death without fully realising the nature of their act or what has prompted it. The mounting drama after the murder centres round the personality of Carr, the student who saw the killing, sought to prevent it, but, when brushed aside, did not call for help, being content at first to keep quiet about what had happened. His silence was secured by his desire neither to make trouble for himself nor for anybody else once the deed was done.

Carr, however, takes some clothes of the murdered Torin back to Torin's home. He meets the family and sees the impact of the murder on their lives. More than all that he realises that Torin was killed because he stood for freedom of speech in a world growing increasingly intolerant. From that moment his nerves are on the rack, as also are the nerves of the audience, and even after his confession and his exposure of the murderers the tension never slackens for a moment before the final curtain. What many theatre-goers will ask themselves is how true can this be of modern America, if at all. The answers will be many and various, but there is no gainsaying that George Bellak has stated in terms of the theatre a problem of significance in an age when, in many parts of the world, the jack-booted fraternity have not suffered extermination.

MURDER MOST FOUL AT SAUNDERS UNIVERSITY: The drunken students, enraged at Torin's political beliefs, knock him to the ground and then in a frenzy of rage beat him to death, while Carr (Gene Lyons) intervenes in a rather ineffectual manner which he later regrets so bitterly. *The Trouble-Makers* is a biting condemnation of American intolerance in matters political.

THE "HANGING JUDGE" HIMSELF INCRIMINATED: Sir Godfrey Tearle, as Sir Francis Brittain, removes incriminating letters from the corpse of his illegitimate son (played by John Byron) in Raymond Massey's first play, *Hanging Judge*, which had its first night at the New Theatre last Tuesday. *Hanging Judge* marks a new development in the theatrical career of Raymond Massey, already well known as an actor and producer. The play, an adaptation of a novel, *Let Him Have Justice*, is by Bruce Hamilton, a Civil Servant in Barbados and a brother of the well-known dramatist and novelist Patrick Hamilton, who wrote *Rope* and *Gaslight*. *Hanging Judge*, the story of a judge, unpopular with the public because of his merciless judgments, is the second production of the well-known film director, Michael Powell. The production is filmic in treatment, quick changes of set being attained by lighting different sections of the stage which have been pre-set.

On right—
JOSÉ FERRER AS TOULOUSE-LAUTREC: The American film actor, who gave an outstanding performance as Cyrano de Bergerac, takes on another vivid characterisation as the stunted artist who lived and painted in Montmartre in the '90's. With him is John Huston, director of the film, *Moulin Rouge*, which is being made in London and Paris. Ferrer plays the part entirely on his knees! It takes him twenty minutes to get into the special padded shoes which have been made to bring his normal height of 5 ft. 10 ins. down to something nearer that of Lautrec. The shoes fit over his knees and his legs are doubled back into the trouser-leg. José Ferrer is to produce three plays for Jack Hylton in the near future, and later next year he hopes to act in London.

THE PLEA FOR THE FITZHARRIS MANOR HOUSE

CHARLES DICKENS' BLEAK HOUSE, AT BROADSTAIRS, IS UP FOR SALE; THE TREASURES OF ANCIENT HENGRAVE HALL, SOON TO BECOME A SCHOOL, GO UNDER THE AUCTIONEER'S HAMMER

FITZHARRIS MANOR HOUSE, ABINGDON, BERKSHIRE, IS THREATENED WITH DEMOLITION: The demolition, which has been proposed by the Ministry of Supply, has been the subject of letters of protest by officials of the Friends of Abingdon and others, and by the Council for the Preservation of Rural England. The Friends of Abingdon complain that the house has been allowed to deteriorate through neglect by the Ministry of Supply, which acquired Fitzharris House as a housing estate for the staff at the Atomic Energy Research Establishment at Harwell. The manor embodies both Elizabethan and eighteenth-century architecture and stands on the site of an earlier Norman manor. Since 1946 the house has deteriorated to such an extent that parts of it have crumbled away and the interior has been subjected to vandalism. The house was last occupied towards the end of the war. At first there were hopes that the Ministry would restore the house for use as a social club or for some other purpose, but in 1946 it was decided that 140 houses should be built in the grounds. The cost of restoration, said to be about £20,000, has been challenged locally, but the Chairman of the Health and Planning Committee of Abingdon Council has said that even if the building were given to the town it was doubtful whether the Council could afford to repair it

THE GREATLY DETERIORATED FITZHARRIS MANOR HOUSE, AND IN THE BACKGROUND SOME OF THE RECENTLY COMPLETED HOUSES: Since the acquisition by the Ministry of Supply the twenty acres of grounds surrounding the house have been reduced to a neat square lawn, skirted by concrete roads. It appears that at one time the Ministry said that they would preserve the house and keep the surrounding trees.

THE TREASURES OF HENGRAVE HALL, NEAR BURY ST. EDMUNDS, SUFFOLK, ARE SOLD BY AUCTION: The first day of the sale at the home of the late Sir John Wood realised high prices, despite a moderate attendance. The sale lasted eight days, during which time buyers took part in the auction of valuable porcelain.

THE HOME OF "DAVID COPPERFIELD" IS UP FOR SALE: Bleak House, overlooking the harbour at Broadstairs, Kent, where Charles Dickens spent most of his summers from 1841 to 1851, is to be auctioned on October 16, following the death of its owner, Mr. Savile Hudson, a member of Lloyds. Charles Dickens first went to Broadstairs in 1837, and subsequently stayed at many different houses, the houses with known associations having since been marked under the authority of the Dickens Fellowship. During his stays at Bleak House Dickens used to write in the study overlooking Viking Bay, and it is believed that he wrote *David Copperfield* almost entirely from there. The house, which has nine bedrooms and three reception rooms and which stands in a one-acre garden, was put up for auction in 1949, but bidding failed to go beyond £13,500. The reserve figure was £20,000. Parts of the house are over 400 years old. This year the Dickens Fellowship is celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation and celebrations attended by International representatives are being held throughout the country.

THE FINE CARVED SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY WINDOW OVER THE FRONT ENTRANCE OF HENGRAVE HALL: Built by Sir Thomas Kytson in (*circa*) 1525, the hall has now been acquired by the Sisters of the Assumption for use as a school. The late Sir John Wood bought the hall in 1897. Among the contents of the house prior to the eight-day auction carried out by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, was furniture of the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods, a fine series of early English and Continental porcelains and a collection of Royal Worcester enamels. The sale has been described by the auctioneers as "most satisfactory," large sums being paid for the porcelain. A Worcester (Flight period) part dinner service of ten pieces, the centre of each depicting "Lady Hamilton as the Tragic Muse," sold for £215. It is thought that the set was once owned by Lord Nelson. A Worcester blue scale dessert service (*circa* 1751-83) of thirty pieces, decorated with a flora design, fetched £340.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

INTO ITALY'S SECRET SOUTH

A Visit to the Toe of Italy's Boot is a Rewarding Experience; Malta and Cyprus in the Autumn

A FAMED PLEASURE RESORT UPON THE GULF OF SALERNO: Vietri sul Mare is perched upon the hillside, its houses standing on foundations hewn amid the cliffs. Four miles along the coast is Salerno, scene of the Allied landings during the war.

TO any part of Italy you may go without giving any particular reason. But not to those southernmost provinces of Apulia, Lucania and Calabria. Even Italians discouraged me from going there, with a variety of arguments—wretched hotels, malarial conditions, uncouth inhabitants, some of them brigands—but I discovered none of them even knew the land personally. Only a George Gissing now and then, or a Norman Douglas, or an occasional archæologist, so I was told, ever travelled in (and not merely through) the toe of the boot that is Italy. Give a dog a bad name and it sticks!

Still, an irresistible whim drove me south, branded, of course, as an eccentric. I gave the excuse that I wanted to see the site of ancient Sybaris, the city that gave the world a synonym for luxury. I wanted to see the old Crotona, where Pythagoras, the first of the Greek moral teachers, established almost a city of God in pagan Greece. I wanted to see those strange bee-hive homes—the "trulli"—in Alberobello. And so I went, taking with me as companions Augustus Hare's *Cities of Southern Italy*, George Gissing's *By the Ionian Sea*, Marion Crawford's *The Rulers of the South*, and a pre-war Baedeker.

In the smaller places the accommodation is somewhat primitive, mostly fourth-category hotels and pensions, but on the whole they offer good food and basic cleanliness. The larger centres are better equipped. Since the war, malaria has been almost completely banished from Southern Italy. And as for the inhabitants, though dour, they are by no means ungracious to Britons, while of brigands there is not a sign.

Of the three provinces, Apulia, the once much-praised Magna Grecia, is by far the most interesting in its monuments; Calabria and Lucania the most scenic. Bari, which has been the commercial centre of Apulia since the second century B.C., makes the best headquarters from which to explore the many fine treasures of the province, for a network of bus services radiates from it. The city, too, is well supplied with good hotels.

In Bari the chief sight is the Romanesque Basilica of St. Nicola (eleventh century), which possesses a majestic façade and contains the relics of the city's patron saint. On his feast day the citizens go visiting from house to house, like "first footing" in Scotland with the coming of the New Year. Then, within easy reach of this seaport, are the towns of Bitetto, Bitonto, Ruvo, Altamura, Acquaviva, Trani, all with ancient cathedrals of considerable interest. At Andria there is the Castel del Monte, one of the finest structures of its kind in Europe, which was built in 1240. Its plan is octangular, with eight powerful octagonal turrets at the angles. The burial-place on the battlefield of Cannæ and the remarkable grottoes at Castellana and at Putignano well repay a visit. But, most outstanding of all, perhaps, is the unique village of Alberobello, the home of the "trulli"—strange cottages with high conical roofs rising like pointed domes above low, perpendicular side walls. These walls, which are unmortared, are of considerable thickness. Each room is a separate building having its own door, but there are practically no windows, so the interiors are dark. Little is known concerning the origin of these curious homes, or even the meaning of their name. About twenty miles from Alberobello is Ostuni, another interesting village.

An attractive scenic part of Apulia is the mountainous and rugged promontory of Gargano, where the small ports of Rodi-Garganico (inn), San Menaio (hotel) and Peschici (inn) are to be recommended. They are reached by bus from Foggia. Slightly inland is a remarkable place of pilgrimage, Monte S. Angelo, for here a local priest bears on his hands and feet the marks of stigmata. Then, right off the beaten track, there are the near-by interesting Tremiti Islands, with simple inn accommodation; and connected with the port of Termoli by steamer service.

In Southern Apulia, Lecce is a good centre, and it is also an attractive city, being adorned with a profusion of fanciful baroque buildings, Roman remains and a number of magnificent churches. Altogether, it is the richest and most original art city in Southern Italy.

Lucania, sometimes called Basilicata, is mountainous and rather barren in character. It is more suited for summer visiting, and the same qualification applies to the Sila and Aspromonte regions in Calabria, where there are fine peaks, beautiful forests and an abundance of water. But, for a holiday at the present season and during the winter, the west coast of Calabria can be recommended. The climate is marvellous, the coastal scenery lovely, with miles of fine beaches. Suitable small resorts, with adequate accommodation, include Palinuro, Maratea (with a glorious panoramic view), Diamanta, Paola (birthplace of St. Francis), Pizzo Calabro, Palmi, Bagnara Calabra and Reggio, from which there is a splendid view over the Straits of Messina. One day, this whole coastline, so rich in beauty and colour, will be "discovered" and made fashionable. As it is, you can enjoy the delights of knowing it in its simplicity. In certain parts, too, you will find some remarkable costumes worn regularly by the peasants. Nicastro is especially interesting in this respect, for here every woman wears a crimson skirt, and the fields are sometimes spotted with red.

Also forming part of Southern Italy are the provinces of Campania, Sardinia and Sicily—all first-class winter sunshine regions. As I will be dealing with Sicily in a future article, I will now confine myself to Campania and Sardinia.

In all the world is there any locality to excel Naples and its neighbourhood for colourful and romantic associations? Capri, Ischia, Amalfi, Ravello, Pompeii, Santa Lucia — what longings they create for all the pagan pleasures of life: sea, sky, earth all dancing in light, and the senses intoxicated with the odour of flowers and plants. In fact, when you go to Campania, you seek mainly the pure unadulterated enjoyment of life.

Some travellers do not care for Naples. I do. I love the colour, the interest and, yes, even the noise to be found in the busy life of its narrow streets. The Neapolitans excel any other people in the exuberance of merely being alive. I like the fascinating Aquarium, the superb National Museum, and the religious festivals which are constantly being celebrated. And for lodging, where better than in one of the hotels on the Via Partenope, facing on to the sea and with the restaurants of Santa Lucia near at hand.

Capri needs no praise from me, although I prefer Ischia, the "Green Island," with its extensive pine-woods, magnificent beaches, luxuriant vineyards, orange and lemon groves and luxuriant vegetation. The wine is excellent; and I can warmly recommend the Hotel Ischia (2nd category) in Porto d'Ischia. Casamicciola is another delightful centre. Then, for those who like to get off the beaten track, there are the small islands of Procida and Ponza, both reached by steamer from Naples.

The southern arm of the Bay of Naples, the Sorrentine Peninsula, contains, especially on its southern coast, some of the world's scenic gems. Sorrento, Amalfi, Ravello, Positano, Vico Equense, these are just some of the small resorts in this area which bring warmth to a northern heart. In the better-known places there is first-class accommodation, while in the lesser-known the hotels are homely and without pretension, but perfectly satisfactory. And always there is the warmth and sunshine and the magic of the glittering blue sea.

Sardinia, too, has a glorious winter climate, while it has a wealth of interest in its unique megalithic buildings, called "nuraghi," its exquisite Pisan churches, and its varied display of national costumes, possibly the finest in Europe. The people, too, who still in parts speak the Latin tongue, are the most hospitable I have ever met. I found the local inns to be quite satisfactory. Alghero, Carloforte, Osilo and Aritzo are four small towns which especially delighted me.

The Italian State Tourist Office (201, Regent Street, London, W.1) can advise you further concerning Southern Italy, and for specialist advice on hotels I can commend the Italian Travel Bureau, 41, James Street, London, W.1.

Malta teems with romance, as well as having a good autumn and winter climate, both good reasons for spending a holiday there. When you stroll in the streets of Valletta, you are following in the footsteps of Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Arabs, Normans, Germans, Spaniards and French, all of whom, at one time or another, held this rocky island. The view of this capital city from the sea is unforgettable, and the varying tints of the sapphire-like sea and the wonderful sunsets make one nostalgic. On land there is much to explore: the sixteenth-century Cathedral; the Palace of the Governor, formerly the Palace of the Grand Masters; the Royal Malta Library; and the interesting museum, with a fine collection of Stone and Bronze Age relics, for Malta was an important centre in prehistoric days.

Within easy reach of Valletta are other interesting places, such as Medina, the ancient capital, whose cathedral is believed to have been consecrated by St. Paul when he was first Bishop of Malta, and where there are also St. Paul's Catacombs; Mosta, a typical Maltese village, with a remarkably large church; and Hal Saflieni Hypogeum, one of the wonders of the world, with its prehistoric underground temple and necropolis. Then, the island of Gozo, small but very picturesque, is well worth the short sea trip.

The Maltese, too, have considerable appeal, for they form a distinct race with a long history. Even their tongue is ancient Semitic, and it is said that if Hannibal were to return to earth he would still be able to be understood in Malta.

The leading hotel is the Phœnicia, while the Osborne and the Tigne Court are in a less expensive grade and can be recommended. The island can be reached by daily air services from Britain, and there are also twice-weekly sailings between Syracuse and Malta. For further tourist information, apply to the Malta Travel and Shipping Agency, 24, Golden Square, London, W.1.

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Cyprus, rich in mythology, is famed as the birthplace of Aphrodite, who rose from the sea before Paphos. The island has, indeed, an extraordinarily interesting history, due mainly to its important position in the Mediterranean. At the same time, during the winter months, it is a delightful land of sunshine. Nicosia, the capital, is a convenient centre from which to explore the whole island—a treasure house of antiquarian interests; while within its walls are many fine medieval buildings and monuments. Kyrenia, Famagusta, Larnaca and Limassol, towns by the sea, also have sights of historic interest, and, like Nicosia, offer pleasant hotel accommodation. Daily pension rates run around 30s. a day at the best hotels, while satisfactory lodgings can be had for a guinea.

There are frequent air services from London to Cyprus, and you can also travel by Greek and Israeli steamship lines from Marseilles and by Italian line from Venice and Genoa. For further information about the island, apply to the Cyprus Government Office, 27, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1.

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MR. CHURCHILL'S MARATHON MEMOIRS

"Closing the Ring," the Fifth Volume in the Series, Now Makes its Appearance

THE fifth volume of Mr. Winston Churchill's memoirs of the Second World War, CLOSING THE RING (Cassell. 30s.), has now been published and takes its place with those other essential books in a representative twentieth-century library. The period covered here is from June 1943 to June 1944, and the eve of D-Day, and is arranged in two sections, "Italy Won" and "Teheran to Rome." With typical lucidity and in his unmistakable style, Mr. Churchill has stated the theme of his volume: How Nazi Germany was isolated and assailed on all sides, and the moral of the work as: In war, resolution; in defeat, defiance; in victory, magnanimity; in peace, goodwill. It should be added that resolution and defiance rather than the gentler qualities, are most evident in this particular volume. As before, even more illuminating of Mr. Churchill's mind and character than his rolling and sometimes magnificent periods, are his pithy and incisive minutes and telegrams, and there is a generous appendix of these to the book. Many, naturally, are on vital matters of strategy and diplomacy, but there are others in which not so much the inspired statesman as the man of excellent common sense shows himself, as when Mr. Churchill suggests that the Director of Military Intelligence should read *Fowler's Modern English Usage*, or that "ready-made" was a better word than "prefabricated" (and so it is). In the detail, as in the vast sweep of plan, there is mastery here, and one recognises it on the printed page.

THE FIRST COMPLETELY REVISED EDITION OF BURKE'S GENEALOGICAL AND HERALDIC HISTORY OF THE LANDED GENTRY TO APPEAR SINCE 1937: The seventeenth edition, edited by L. G. Pine (Burkes Peerage Limited. 8 gns. before October 1 and 9 gns. thereafter), covers fifteen years of alterations in the ownership of estates, and the births, marriages and deaths of the members of the families recorded, as well as the promotions, retirements, honours and appointments in the various Services and in civil life which affect them. It is stated in the preface that the effect of the conflict of 1939-45 on the status and conditions of the Landed Gentry has been very much greater than that of 1914-18. The present volume extends to nearly 3,000 pages, with references to some 5,000 families; this is due to the fact that there has been a great awakening of genealogical interest in England in the last generation. The volume has taken two-and-a-half years to compile. It is adorned with many coloured plates of arms and there are also a number of general articles on leading genealogical subjects.

Louise Yim is a patriot and a reformer who has spent her life in fighting for two things: the freedom and recognition of her country of Korea, and the emancipation of Korean women who, not so many years ago, were living in a state of nearly complete subservience. For these objects, Miss Yim has fought opposition since she was a child, brought up in the rigid pattern of Korean nobility, and battling every inch of the way, into college and into political life. At present she is the only woman member of the Korean Legislation, and their delegate to the United Nations. Her courage is physical as it is moral, and one may well echo Mrs. Roosevelt's words of her, that she is a fearless patriot.

MY FORTY-YEAR FIGHT FOR KOREA (Gollancz. 18s.) is the book of a woman of action, of immense nervous vitality, and of her career, but it is also the story of a people and a remarkably interesting, even surprising one. For instance, Miss Yim claims that it was in Korea that the first movable type was used, and it may have been in Korea too that many such cosmetics as rouge first made their appearance and that the first astronomical observatory was built.

THE FATED SKY (Hutchinson. 18s.) is Air Chief-Marshal Sir Philip Joubert's autobiography, and such has become his identification with the Royal Air Force, it reads less like a personal document than a history of the formation and great years of that force. Sir Philip Joubert de la Ferté was born and brought up in India, the son of a surgeon in the Indian Medical Service, and was destined by his father for the Army. According to himself, he eventually scrambled into this with a commission in the Field Gunners, but the true direction of his career was settled as early as 1912 when the Royal Flying Corps, as it then was, had just been created and applications to join were welcomed. In the following year, having learned to fly at his own charges, Sir Philip was posted to his first squadron, having acquired his military flying certificate "by flying from Farnborough to Guildford and back with no intermediate landing—total distance about sixteen miles."

Guenther Blumentritt, who was his Chief of Staff, has written a study of VON RUNDSTEDT—The Soldier and the Man (Odhams. 16s.), which has been translated by Captain C. Reaveley, and which gives a colleague's eye-view of the Field-Marshal's life. Only the salient points of his upbringing and his exploits in the First World War are touched on, and the greater part of the book is devoted to an exposition of German strategy during the last war, with a natural emphasis on the part played in it by von Rundstedt. In the person, incidentally, of this Prussian officer, bred to the German Army and its traditions, is epitomised the difference between Hitler and his General Staff. To the judiciously objective, the book will make interesting reading. Others may still find resentment, though that is too weak a word, at the photographs of German officers inspecting their defences and enjoying their *chateaux* on French soil.

It is rare, but it is obviously not impossible, for the mechanics of making a film, including the necessary raising of money, to be a process of passionate interest to the layman as well as to the participant. Mr. Micheál Mac Liammóir has proved it, in any case, with his diary of the making of the film of *Othello*, which he has called PUT MONEY IN THY PURSE (Methuen. 15s.), and which on several occasions made me laugh aloud. Mr. Mac Liammóir is an actor, a writer and a director of the Gate Theatre in Dublin. His experience of being a film actor had been limited to a boyish appearance with Stewart Rome, but he, nevertheless, packed up his bags and flew off to Paris at a summons from his old friend Orson Welles, who wished him to play Iago to his Othello in a film to be directed, inspired, animated and almost financed by that ebullient American figure. Paris, of course, was only the first stop, and the making of the picture, the fitting of costumes and the raising of money took them severally to Casablanca, Rome, Marrakesh, Viterbo, Venice and Fez. The only factor that appears to have been constant during this year-long Odyssey, apart from the resilience of the cast's friendships, was the excellence of the food and drink, which the writer describes with relish and in detail, and which never seems to be affected in quality or copiousness by the state of the exchequer. After a highly succulent lunch "all chalked up, O. said wasn't it terrible having no money, and we agreed, but it doesn't really make much difference, we 'll doubtless have some soon."

P.S.—The film was eventually finished.

Explorers called the Amazon the Freshwater Sea, Brazilians still call it the Sea River. Its size and the range of the country it affects are difficult to realise, if not to assess, since it is almost equal to the area of the United States. It has 1,100 known tributaries, of which seven are 1,000 miles long, and one is 3,000 miles long. Its size alone would give it importance, but it is the products of the region that make it, as General Marshall said at the end of the war, "indispensable." Some of these essentials are minerals, some of them industrial diamonds, some gold, and some, perhaps the most powerful of all, oil.

In his new book, THE AMAZING AMAZON (Heinemann. 18s.), Mr. Willard Price writes not only of the personal discovery that he made of the Amazon by air, but of the history of the country from its early ages, the development of it, and the extraordinary future that it may have. As ever, he writes with a forceful enthusiasm that is just a little this side of breathless, but it is infectious, and the picture he gives the reader is painted in memorably bright colours.

Mr. Evelyn Waugh's new novel is of military life, an unexpected theme in itself, but one that is quite admirably successful. He tells us that it is to be the first of a triology, each complete in itself, and that the novels will deal with a long love-affair between a civilian and the Army. The first, at any rate, has been well done; well planned, and wittily and observantly written. Indeed, so observantly that I don't think that Mr. Waugh would have been at all my ideal of a junior officer under my command.

MEN AT ARMS (Chapman and Hall. 15s.) opens with the opening of war in 1939, and with Guy Crouchback, an Englishman living in Italy, unwillingly divorced from his pretty, giddy wife and with enough money and little enough purpose to make his existence quite savourless. He goes back to London, and after considerable effort finds himself in the Army and specifically in the Royal Corps of Halberdiers, the regiment which he is to love, and, indeed, fall in love with.

The first year of the war, which is the period covered, however lightly, by this book, is not one that we shall forget, and Mr. Waugh evokes its shifts and alarms, its queerly "phoney" quality and its unreality with a great deal more than photographic skill, as one would expect. As for his civilised but unexciting hero and the group of his brother-officers. they veer between the dim and the gloriously comic, and each of them is alive.

THE CASE OF THE BUSY BEES (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.) is this week's crime ration, and a soundly satisfying one, even if it lacks the ingredients of excitement or terror. Mr. Clifford Witting knows how to construct a detective story so that there shall be no loose ends, and no unexplained clues, and so that the work of detection itself shall provide the tale's greatest interest.

OF FANNY BRAWNE

The Keatsian Myth Examined

Fanny Brawne was a common, shallow, faithless, calculating flirt. That was the Victorian view of the girl who was the passion of John Keats's life, and to that view the world has clung, though with a loosening hold in recent years. In the late '70's and in the '80's, after the *Letters of John Keats to Fanny Brawne* were published, there was quite an outcry, and Sir Charles Dilke, in the *Athenæum*, castigated their publication as "the greatest impeachment of a woman's sense of womanly delicacy to be found in the history of literature," and he wrote, too, of "a hideous breach of the sanctities of life," no doubt bearing in mind the oft-repeated story that the poet read his loved one's letters while actually attending service in a cathedral. Nowadays this much-abused young lady evokes kindlier feelings, and Joanna Richardson, who has devoted some years of research to her subject, now presents a full-length biography of FANNY BRAWNE (Thames and Hudson. 15s.), a complete reconstruction based on existing facts and records. From the pages of this slim but well-documented volume emerges a figure at once graceful, vivacious and intelligent. Her tribulations were many, for Keats was a tortured lover, resenting her small pleasures in his long absences through illness and, indeed, doubting her faithfulness with an almost savage intensity. In the depths of her misery Fanny once wrote to Keats that he had tormented her in thought, word and deed. But she knew, too, the torments of the poet's mind, and after his death she wrote to his sister: "You do not, you never can know, how much he has suffered. So much that I do believe, were it in my power, I would not bring him back." For the youthful Fanny Brawne her experiences with Keats must have been a severe test. Those who read Joanna Richardson's book will feel that she emerged from that test with credit. For the dying Keats she softened some of the asperities of a brutal world which he found it hard to face. Beyond doubt she inspired some of his greatest verse, and in the years after his death she showed herself devoted to his fame. At last it can be said her detractors have had their day. We know now Fanny Brawne was neither saint nor trollop, but a very human, warm-hearted personality.

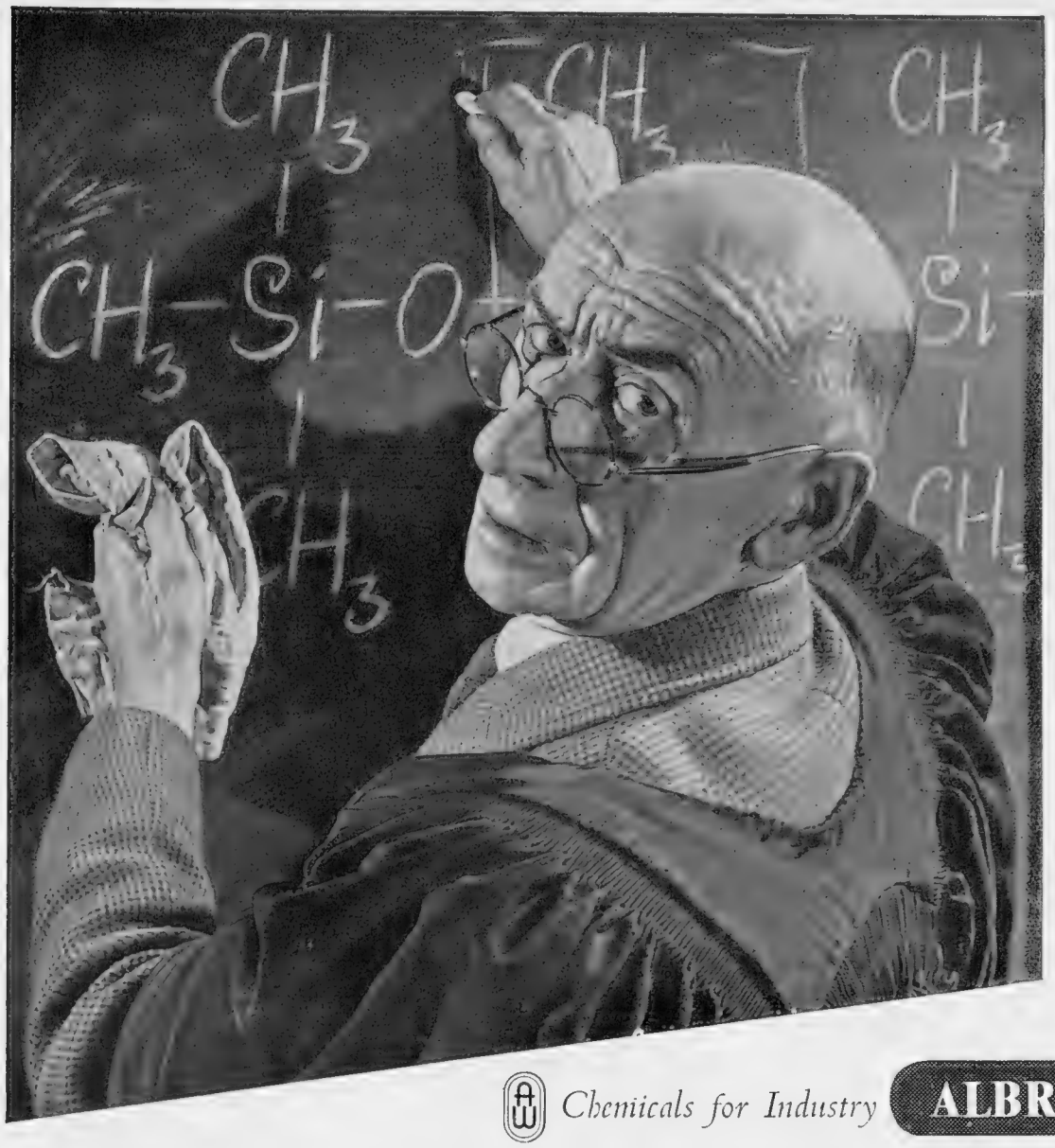
Norman Hillson has had no easy task in writing a biography of ALEXANDER OF TUNIS (W. H. Allen. 18s.), for there is a great deal that is utterly conventional that he must say in such a work. This is the story of a varied and important career, of one of the many soldiers who in recent times have graduated from military to political service. It reveals, above all, Alexander's adaptability; for the man who gave the quietus to Rommel and marched to the gates of Rome, receiving the surrender of 1,000,000 men, has shown in no small measure that he has the diplomatic touch and a homely manner. Because of that, Canada took him to her hearts, and in that difficult office of responsibility without authority he acquitted himself as few had done before him. At Rideau Hall, the Government House, he made maple syrup for his family and his staff. He made square dancing the rage in sophisticated Ottawa, and he kicked off at football matches with beautiful arching drives that won the admiration of the Canadian sporting public. This conqueror of the African deserts set an example of family life in the New World, and not the least of his achievements has been breaking down the stiffness of Vice-Regal etiquette, so very long overdue.

Eric de Mare's TIME ON THE THAMES (Architectural Press. 21s.) is a new account of the river above the tideway, and is at the same time a critical essay on the life, landscape and architecture from Richmond to Thames Head. Some really excellent photographs, about 120 in number, adorn the text.

Virgil has always attracted fellow-poets as translators. One of the most successful to undertake the task is C. Day Lewis, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, who ten years ago gave us a notable translation of The Georgics. Now he has translated THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL (Hogarth Press. 21s.). For this he has evolved a long, loosely flowing line, which seems to catch the subtlety and the sweep of Virgilian verse.

With the completion of the great Cassegrain telescope on Mount Palomar the astronomers are entering upon new horizons, penetrating for the first time the remote galaxies that lie beyond The Milky Way. At this juncture, when new theories are being evolved and tested and the layman finds it increasingly hard to follow the astronomer, Paul Couderc, of the Paris Observatory, has produced a most helpful volume, THE EXPANSION OF THE UNIVERSE (Faber and Faber. 30s.). This is a book that demands the most intelligent co-operation from the reader, but that co-operation can be highly rewarding, for M. Couderc is a painstaking guide with an ability to marshal complicated facts for the general benefit.

Gordon Anthony's latest work on the ballet is a biography in photographs of BERYL GRAY (Phœnix House. 12s. 6d.). The pictures conjure up much of the warmth and generosity of her dancing and will surely make a strong appeal to lovers of the ballet.



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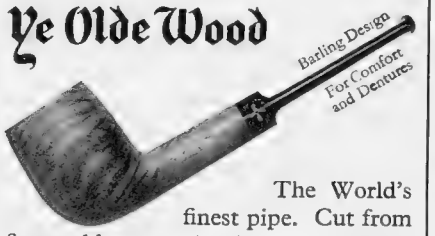

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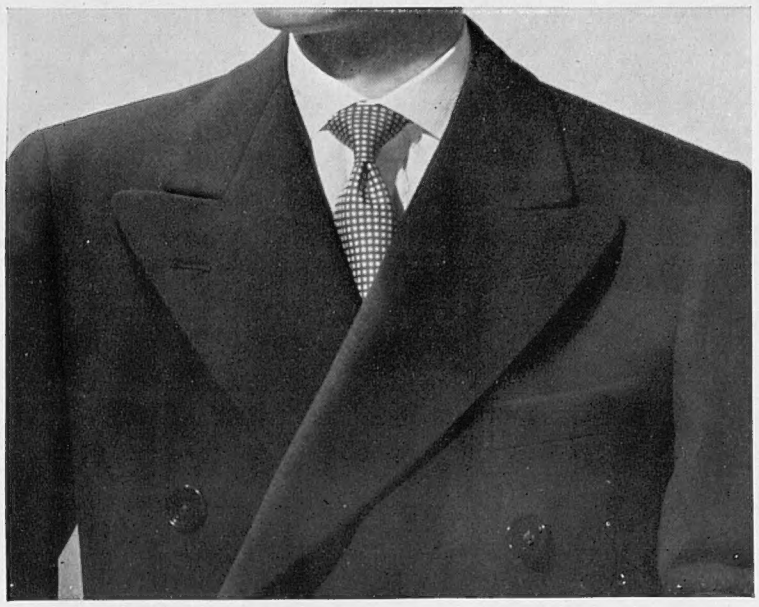

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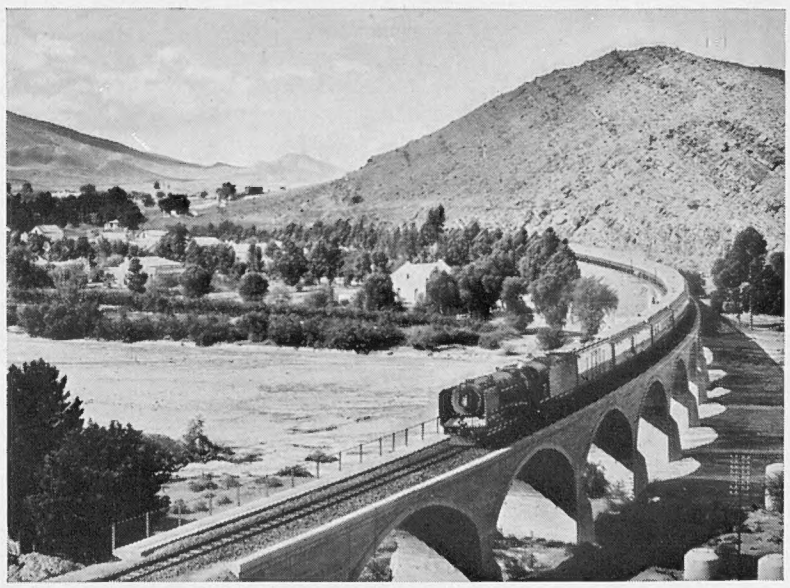

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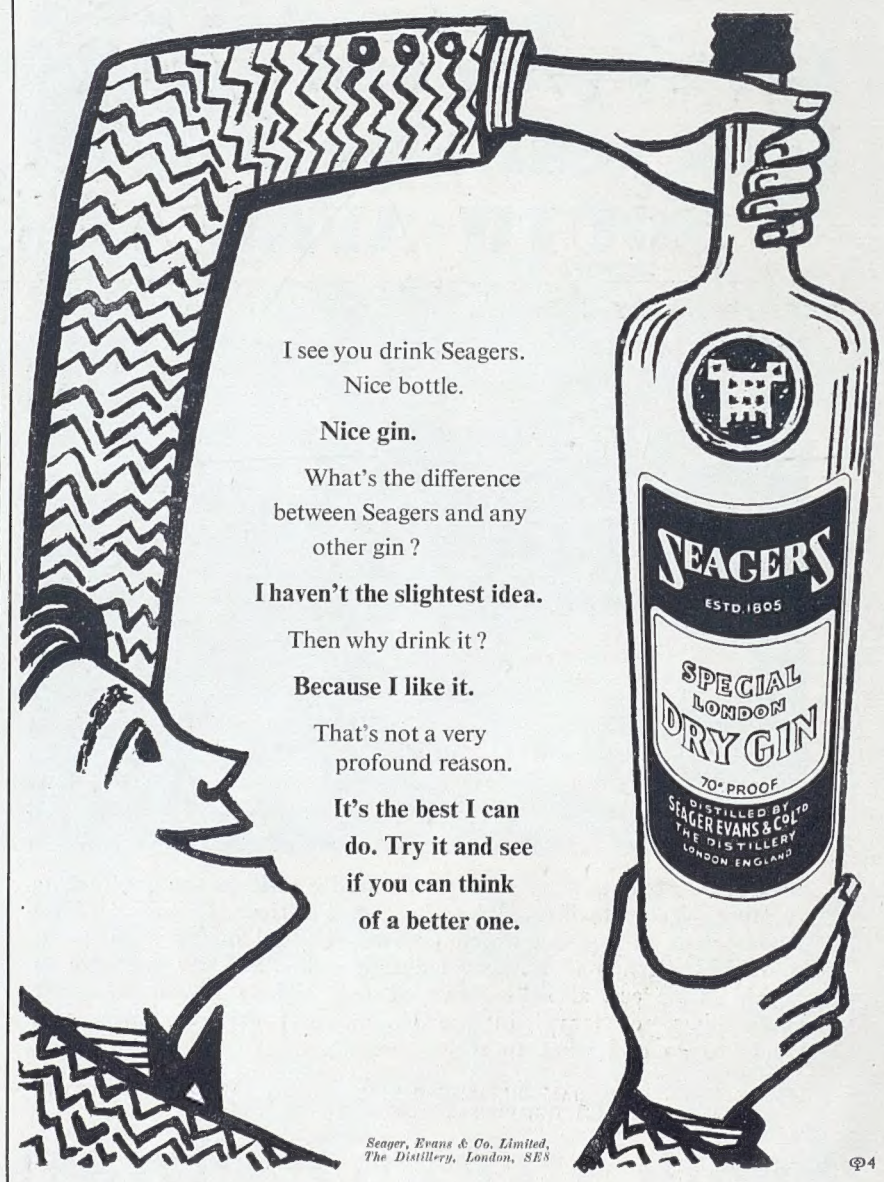

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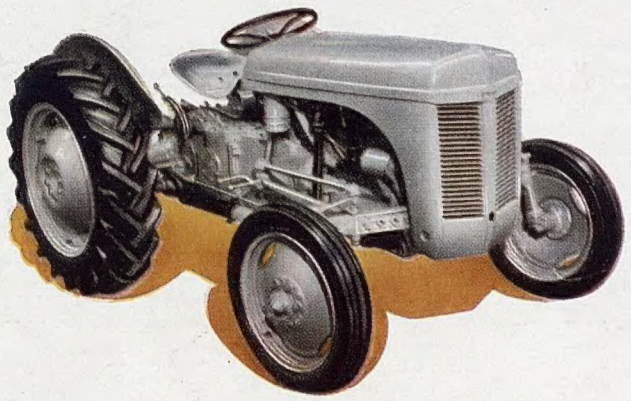

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